

S. Noyes

LE
Diabie Boiteux:
OR, THE
D E V I L
UPON
TWO STICKS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Translated from the Last *Paris*
Edition, very much Enlarg'd.

Adorn'd with CUTTS.

VOLUME the FIRST.

The SEVENTH EDITION.

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577



THE
CONTENTS.

Chap. I.

WHAT sort of a Devil the Devil
upon Two Sticks was; and
where and how Don Cleofas Perez
Zambullo became acquainted with
him. Page 1

Chap. II.

*In which the Story of Asmodeo's Deli-
verance is continued.* 15

Chap. III.

*Whither the Devil carry'd Don Cle-
ofas, and what he first shew'd him.* 21

Chap.

C O N T E N T S.

Chap. IV.

*The History of the Amours of the Count
de Belflor, and of Leonora de Ces-
pides.* 54

Chap. V.

*The Continuation and Conclusion of the
History of the Count and Leonora.*
101

Chap. VI.

*Other Particulars which the Scholar
saw, and the Manner of his being
revenged on Donna Thomasa.* 139

Chap. VII.

Of the Prisoners. 152

Chap. VIII.

*Asmodeo shews Don Cleofas several
Persons, and discovers to him what
they have been doing that Day.* 191

Chap. IX.

Of the confined Mad People. 220

Chap.

CONTENTS.

Chap. X.

The Matter of which is inexhaustible.
266

Chap. XI.

*Of the Fire, and what Asmodeo did
on that occasion out of Friendship to
Don Cleofas.*
291



THE

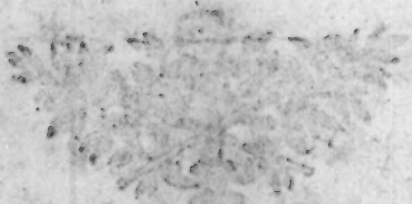
CONTENTS

Chap. X.

The Matter of which is investigated.
223

Chap. XI.

Of the Force and value of the
of that section out of Friendship to
John Thomas.
224



THE



THE
DEVIL
UPON
TWO STICKS.

CHAP. I.

*What sort of a Devil, the Devil upon
Two Sticks was ; and where and how
Don Cleofas Perez Zambullo be-
came acquainted with him.*

ONE Night in *October*,
when thick Darkness had
overspread the famous Ci-
ty of *Madrid*, and the wea-
ry Inhabitants being re-
tired to their respective Homes, had
VOL. I. B left

left the Streets free to those restless Lovers, whose nightly Care it is to sing their Pains or Pleasures under the Balconies of their Mistresses ; and now the busy Instruments had already rous'd the careful Fathers, and alarm'd the jealous Husbands—— in short, it was almost Midnight, when *Don Cleofas Leandro Perez Zambullo*, a young Scholar of *Alcala*, very nimbly bolted out of the Garret Window of a House, into which the Indiscreet Son of the *Cytherean* Goddess had inticed him. He endeavour'd to preserve his Life and Honour, by flying from three or four Bullies, who follow'd close at his Heels, threatening to kill or force him to marry a Lady, with whom they had just before surpriz'd him.

Tho' alone, he yet bravely defended himself for some time against so much Odds, and had still maintain'd his Ground, if they had not wrested his Sword from him in the Fight: They follow'd him for some
 211 2 time

time along the Gutters; but, favour'd by the Night, he at length got clear of 'em, and stealing along from one * House-top to another, he made towards a Light which he perceiv'd a great distance off, and which, feeble as it was, yet serv'd him for a Lanthorn in that dangerous Con-juncture. After more than once running the Risque of breaking his Neck, he reach'd the Garret whence its Rays proceeded, and enter'd it by a Window, as much transported with Joy as a Pilot is when he finds himself and his Ship safe in the Harbour, after a narrow Escape at Sea, and the Terrors of a Tempest.

He immediately look'd around him, and much wonder'd he should meet with no body in an Apartment, which seem'd so very odd and surprising. He examin'd it with great Attention, and saw a Copper Lamp hanging from the Ceiling, Books and Papers in Confusion on the Ta-
B 2 ble,

* *The Tops of the Houses in Spain are flat.*

ble, Spheres and Compasses on the one side, Phials and Quadrants on the other; all which made him conclude, that under this Roof liv'd an Astrologer, who usually retir'd hither to make his Observations. He reflected on the Dangers he had by good Fortune escap'd, and was considering what Course was the most proper for him to take, when he was interrupted by a deep Sigh that broke forth very near him. He at first took it for a Nocturnal Illusion, or imaginary Fantome, proceeding from the Disturbance he was in, and without Interruption continued his Reflections.

But being interrupted a second time in the same manner, he then took it for something real; and tho' he saw no Soul in the Room, could not help crying out, What Devil is it that sighs here? 'Tis me, Signior Scholar, answered a Voice, which had somewhat very extraordinary in it; I have been six Months enclos'd in one of these Glass Phials. In this House

Chap. I. *upon Two Sticks.* 5

House lives a skilful Astrologer and Magician, who by the Power of his Art has confin'd me to this close Prison. You are then a Spirit, said *Cleofas* somewhat confus'd at this uncommon Adventure. I am a *Dæmon*, replied the Voice, and you are come very opportunely to free me from a Slavery where I languish in Idleness; tho' I am the most active and indefatigable Devil in Hell.

Cleofas was somewhat affrighted at these Words; but being naturally courageous, he recollected himself, and in a resolute Tone thus address'd himself to the Spirit. Signior *Dæmon*, pray inform me by what Character you are distinguished amongst your Brethren: Are you a Devil of Quality, or an ordinary one? I am, replied the Voice, a very considerable Devil, and am more esteem'd in this and the other World than any other. Perhaps, replied *Cleofas*, you may be the *Dæmon* which we call *Lucifer*? No, reply'd the Spirit, he is the Mountebank's Devil. Are

you then *Uriel*? return'd the Scholar. Fie! (hastily interrupted the Voice,) he is the Patron of Traders, Taylors, Butchers, Bakers, and other third-rate Thieves.

It may be you are *Belzebub*, said *Leandro*. You deceive yourself, answer'd the Spirit, he is the *Dæmon* of Governantes, and Gentlemen-Ushers, or Waiting-men. This surprises me, said the Scholar; I took *Belzebub* for one of the greatest of your Number. He is one of the least, replied the *Dæmon*; you have no true Notion of our Hell.

You must then, reply'd *Don Cleofas*, be either *Leviathan*, *Belphegor*, or *Ashtaroth*. Oh! as for those three, said the Voice, they are Devils of the first Rank; they are the Court Spirits: They enter into the Councils of Princes, animate their Ministers, form Leagues, stir up Insurrections in States, and light the Torches of War. These are not such Boobies as the first you mentioned to me. Ah! tell me, I intreat you, said

said the Scholar, what Post has *Flagel*? He is the Soul of the Law, and the Life of the Bar, reply'd the Devil: It is he which makes out the Attornies and Bailiff's Writs; he inspires the Pleaders, possesseth the Council, and attends the Judges.

But my Business lyes another Way: I make ridiculous Matches, and marry old Grey-Beards to raw Girls under Age, Masters to their Maids, Virgins of low Fortunes to Lovers which have none. 'Tis I that have introduc'd into the World Luxury, Debauchery, Games of Chance, and Chymistry. I am the Inventor of *Carousels*, Dancing, Musick, Plays, and all the new *French* Fashions. In a word, I am the celebrated *Asmodeo*, furnam'd the Devil upon two Sticks.

Ah! cry'd Don Cleofas, you are then the famous *Asmodeo*, so gloriously celebrated by *Agrippa* and the *Clavicula Salomonis*? Really you have not told me all your Amusements; you have forgotten the best of them.

I know that you sometimes divert your self with affwaging the Pains of unfortunate Lovers; by the same Token, it was by your Assistance that a young Gentleman, a Friend of mine, crept into the good Graces of a Doctor of the University of *Alcala's* Lady. 'Tis true, said the Spirit; I serv'd that till the last: I am the *Dæmon* of Luxury, or to express it genteeler, the God *Cupid*: for the Poets have bestow'd that fine Name on me, and indeed painted me in very advantageous Colours; they describe me with gilded Wings, a Fillet bound over my Eyes, a Bow in my Hand, a Quiver of Arrows on my Shoulders, and a charming beautiful Face. What sort of Face it is you shall immediately see, if you please to set me at Liberty.

Signior *Asmodeo*, reply'd *Don Cleofas*, you know that I have long been your sincere Devotee; of the Truth of which the Dangers I just now run are sufficient Evidences. I should be very ambitious of an Opportunity

nity of serving you ; but the Vessel in which you are hidden is undoubtedly enchanted, and all my Endeavours to unstop or break it will be vain ; wherefore I can't very well tell which way to deliver you out of Prison : I am not much us'd to these sort of Deliverances, and betwixt you and I, if such a subtle Devil as you are cannot make your Way out, how can a wretched Mortal like me effect it ? 'Tis in your Power to do it, answer'd the *Dæmon* ; the Phial in which I am inclos'd is barely a plain Glass Bottle, which is very easy to break ; you need only throw it on the Ground, and I shall immediately appear in human Shape. If so, said the Scholar, 'tis easier than I imagin'd ; tell me then in which Phial you are, for I see so many like one another, that I cannot distinguish them. It is the fourth from the Window, reply'd the Spirit ; tho' the Cork be seal'd with a Magical Seal, yet the Bottle will easily break.

B 5

'Tis

'Tis enough, Signior *Asmodeo*, return'd *Don Cleofas*; there is now only one small Difficulty which deters me: When I have done you this Service, won't you make me pay for the broken Pots? No Accident shall befall you, answer'd the *Dæmon*; but on the contrary you will be pleas'd with my Acquaintance. I will learn you whatever you are desirous to know, inform you of all things which happen in the World, and discover to you all the Faults of Mankind. I will be your Tutelar *Dæmon*, you shall find me much more intelligent than that of *Socrates*, and I will make you far surpass that Philosopher in Wisdom. In a Word, I will bestow my self on you, with my good and ill Qualities; the latter of which shall not be less advantageous to you than the former.

These are fine Promises, reply'd the Scholar, but you Gentlemen Devils are accus'd of not being very religious Observers of what you promise

mise to Men. It is a groundless Charge, reply'd *Asmodeo*: Some of my Brethren indeed make no Scruple of breaking their Word, but I (not to mention the Service you are going to do me, which I can never sufficiently repay) am a Slave to mine; and I swear, by all that renders our Oaths inviolable, that I won't deceive you. Depend upon my Assurances. I promise you withal, that you shall revenge your self on *Donna Thomasa*, that perfidious Lady, who hid four Ruffians to surprise and force you to marry her; a Circumstance that should please you.

Young *Zambullo*, charm'd above all with this last Promise, to hasten its Accomplishment, immediately took the Phial, and without concerning himself what might be the Event of it, he threw it hard against the Ground. It broke into a thousand Pieces, and overflow'd the Floor with a blackish Liquor, which by little and little evaporated, and converted

verted itself into a thick Smoke; which dissipating all at once, the amaz'd Scholar beheld the Figure of a Man in a Cloak, about two Foot and a half high, resting on two Crutches. This diminutive lame Monster had Goats Legs, a long Visage, sharp Chin, a yellow and black Complexion, and a very flat Nose; his Eyes, which seem'd very little, resembled two lighted Coals; his Mouth was extreamly wide, above which were two wretched red Whiskers, edg'd with a Pair of unparallel'd Lips.

This charming *Cupid's* Head was wrapt up in a sort of Turban of red Crape, set off with a Plume of Cocks and Peacocks Feathers. About his Neck he wore a yellow Linnen Collar, on which were drawn several Models of Necklaces and Ear-rings. He was dress'd in a short white Sattin Coat, and girt about with a Girdle of Virgin Parchment, mark'd with Talismanical Characters. On this Coat were painted several Pair of Women's
Stays

Stays very advantageously fitted for the Discovery of their Breasts; Scarves, party-colour'd Aprons, new fashion'd Head-dresses of various Sorts, each more extravagant than the other.

But all these were nothing compar'd with his Cloak, the Ground of which was also of white Sattin. On it, with *Indian Ink*, were drawn an infinite Number of Figures, with so much Freedom, and such masterly strokes, that it was natural enough to think the Devil had a hand in it. On one Side appear'd a *Spanish Lady* cover'd with her Veil, teasing a Stranger as they were walking; and on the other a *French* one practising new Airs in her Glass, in order to try them at a young patch'd and painted Abbot, who appear'd at her Chamber Door. Here a parcel of *Italian Cavaliers* were singing and playing on the Guitar under their Mistresses Balconies; and there a Company of *Germans* all in Confusion and unbutton'd, more intoxicated with Wine
and

and begrim'd with Snuff than your conceited *French* Fops, surrounding a Table overflow'd with the filthy Remains of their Debauch. In one place was a great *Mahometan* Lord coming out of the Bath, and encompass'd by all the Women of his *Seraglio*, officiously crowding to tender him their Service. In another, an *English* Gentleman very gallantly presenting a Pipe and a Pot of Beer to his Mistress.

There the Gamesters were also wonderfully well represented; some of them, animated by a sprightly Joy, heaping up Pieces of Gold and Silver in their Hats; and others, broken and reduced to play upon Honour, casting up their Sacrilegious Eyes to Heaven, and gnawing their Cards with Despair. To conclude, there were as many curious Things to be seen on it, as on the admirable Buckler of the Son of *Peleus*, which exhausted all *Vulcan's* Art; with this difference betwixt the Performance of the two Cripples, that

that the Figures on the Buckler had no relation to the Exploits of *Achilles*, but on the contrary those on the Cloak were so many lively Images of whatever was done in the World by the Suggestion of *Asmodeo*.



C H A P. I

In which the Story of Asmodeo's Deliverance is continued.

TH E *Dæmon* observing that the Sight of him did not very agreeably prepossess the Scholar in his Favour, smiling said, Well, Signior *Don Cleofas Leandro Perez Zambullo*, you see the charming God of Love, the Sovereign Ruler of Hearts. What do you think of my Beauty and Air? Don't you take the Poets for excellent Painters? Why really, answer'd *Cleofas*, they do flatter a little. You did not, I suppose, appear in this Shape to *Psyche*? Doubtless

less no, reply'd *Asmodeo* ; I borrow'd the Appearance of a little *French* Marquis, to make her doat on me : Vice must always be cover'd with a fair Appearance, without which it will never please. I assume whatever Shape I will, and could have shew'd my self to you cloath'd with a finer imaginary Body ; but designing, without any disguise, to lay my self open to you, I was willing that you should see me in a Shape best suited to the Opinion which the World entertains of me and my Functions.

I am not surpriz'd, said the Scholar, that you are somewhat Ugly ; pardon, if you please, the Harshness of the Term, the Conversation which we have had together may admit of some Freedom. Your Features are very well proportion'd to the Idea I have of you ; but pray tell me how you came to be a Cripple.

My Lameness, answer'd the Devil, is owing to a Quarrel I formerly had in *France* with *Pillardoc* the Devil
of

of Interest, about one *Manceau*, a Man of Business, and one of the Farmers of the Revenues: he being very rich, we as warmly contested who shou'd have the Possession of him, and fought it out in the middle Region of the Air, from whence *Pillardoc* (being the stronger, of the two) threw me down to the Earth, as the Poets tell ye *Jupiter* did *Vulcan*; and so from the Resemblance of our Adventures, my Comrades call'd me the *Lame Devil*, or the *Devil upon two Sticks*; and that Nick-Name, which they gave me in Rail- lery, has stuck by me ever since. But tho' a Cripple, I can yet go pretty nimble; you shall be a Wit- ness of my Agility.

But, adds he, let us end this Dis- course, and make haste out of the Garret. It will not be long before the Magician comes up to labour at the Immortality of a beautiful *Sylph* which nightly visits him; and if he should surprize us, he would not fail to commit me to the Bottle from whence

whence I came, and confine you to the same. Let's therefore, in the first place, throw away all the Pieces of the broken Phial, that the Enchanter may not discover my Enlargement.

If he should find it after our Departure, said *Cleofas*, what would then be the Event? What would be the Event! answer'd the *Demon*. I find you have not read the Treatise concerning *Compulsions*. Alas! were I conceal'd at the farthest Part of the Earth, or hidden in the Region where the fiery *Salamanders* dwell; should I descend to the Shades below, or the Bottom of the deepest Sea, I should not be secur'd from his Resentment. His Conjurations are so powerful, that all Hell trembles at them. In short, I cannot resist his arbitrary Commands, but shall be forced, much against my Will, to appear before him, and submit to whatever Pains he pleases to inflict on me.

If so, reply'd the Scholar, I very much fear that our Friendship will be

be of no long Duration; this dreadful Necromancer will soon perceive our Flight. I don't know that, reply'd the Spirit, for we can't tell what may happen. What, said *Leandro Perez*, are you not acquainted with Futurity? No indeed, reply'd the Devil, we know nothing of that Matter; but those who depend upon our Assistance, are fine Bubbles; and indeed to this Opinion are to be ascrib'd all the Fooleries which are impos'd on Women of Quality by Fortune-tellers of both Sexes, when they consult them on future Events. We only know the Past and the Present. I don't know therefore whether the Magician will soon discover my Absence, but hope not; for here being several Phials very like that in which I was enclos'd, he may perhaps not miss a single one. I am much in the same Condition in his Laboratory, as a Law-Book is in the Library of a Man of Business; he never thinks of me, and when he doth, he never doth me the Honour
of

of conversing with me. He is the most insolent Enchanter that I know; for during the whole Time that I was his Prisoner, he did not once vouchsafe to speak to me.

What sort of Fellow is this? reply'd *Don Cleofas*; or what have you done to draw down his Hatred upon you? I cross'd one of his Designs, reply'd *Asmodeo*: There was a Place in an Academy void, which he propos'd to obtain for a Friend of his, but I was resolv'd it should be given to another. The Magician prepar'd a *Talisman*, compos'd of the most powerful Characters of the *Cabala*; but I placed my Man in the Service of a great Minister, and his Name accordingly carried it from the *Talisman*.

At these Words, the *Demon* gather'd up all the Pieces of the broken Phial, and after having thrown them out of the Window, Come then, said he to the Scholar, let us make the best of our way; take hold of the End of my Cloak, and fear

nothing. However dangerous the Offer appear'd to *Don Cleofas*, he yet chose rather to accept it, than expose himself to the Resentment of the Magician; wherefore he took as good hold as he could of the Devil, who carried him out of the Window.



CH A P. III.

*Whither the Devil carried Don Cleofas,
and what he first shew'd him.*

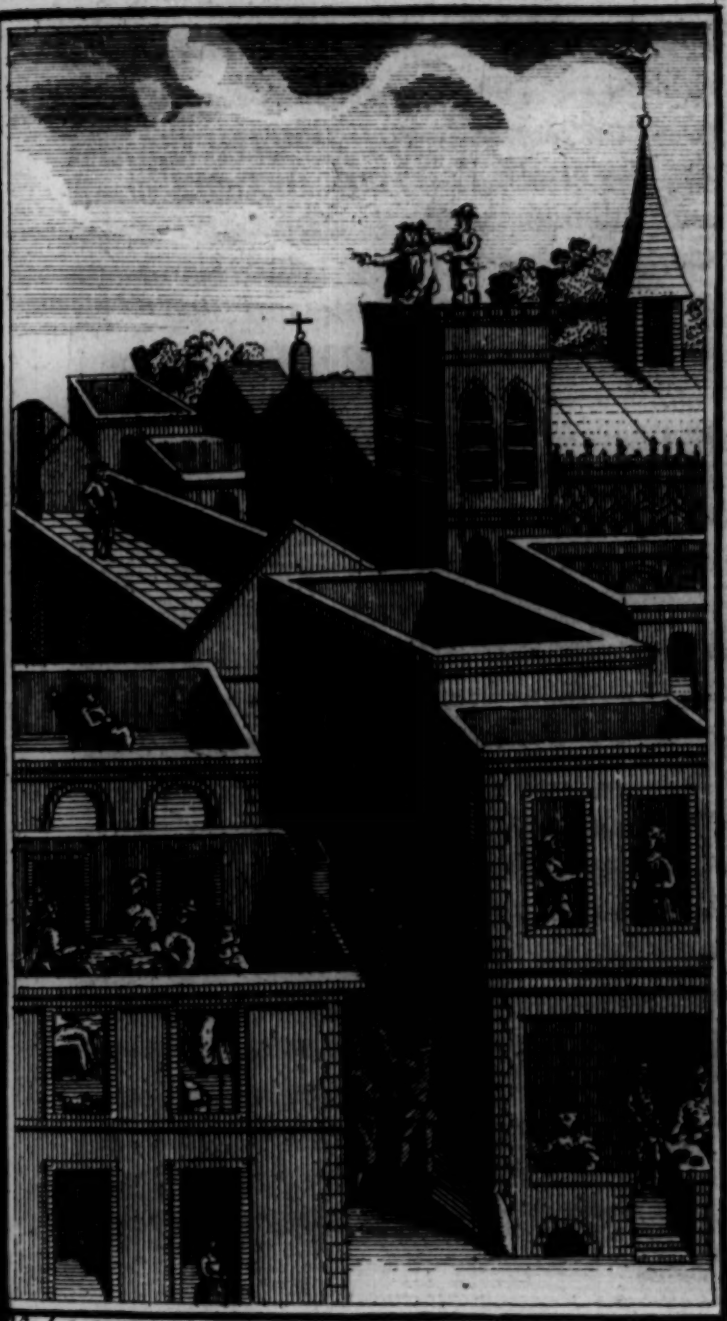
A *Smodeo* was not in the wrong when he boasted his Agility; he cleft the Air with as much Rapidity as an Arrow from a Bow, and perch'd on *St. Saviour's* Steeple. When gotten on his Feet, he said to *Don Cleofas*, Well, Signior *Leandro*, when Men are in a very uneasy, hobbling Coach, and cry out, *This is a Coach for the Devil!* do you now think they do us Justice? I think nothing

nothing can be more unreasonable, answer'd *Don Cleofas* politely, and am ready to affirm upon Experience, that the Devil's is not only easier than a Chair, but also so expeditious, that no body can be tir'd on the Road.

Very well, reply'd the *Demon*; but you don't know why I brought you hither. I intend from this high Place to shew you whatever is at present doing in *Madrid*. By my Diabolical Power I will heave up the Roofs of the Houses, and notwithstanding the Darkness of the Night, clearly expose to your View whatever is now under them. At these Words he only extended his right Hand, and in an Instant all the Roofs of the Houses seem'd remov'd; and the Scholar saw the Insides of 'em as plainly as if it had been Noon-day; as plainly, says * *Louis Velez de Guevara*, as you see into a Pye, whose Top is taken off.

This

* *The Author of the Devil on Two Sticks in Spanish.*



This View was too surprising not to employ all his Attention; his Eyes run thro' all Parts of the City, and the Variety which surrounded him was sufficient to engage his curiosity for a long time. Signior Student, said the *Dæmon*, this Confusion of Objects which you survey with so much Pleasure, affords really a very charming Prospect; but in order to furnish you with a perfect Knowledge of Human Life, it is necessary to explain to you what all those People, which you see, are doing. I will disclose to you the Springs of their Actions, and their most secret Thoughts.

Prythee, said the Scholar, since you are so kind a Devil, let me a little look about me from this mighty Precipice, whereon we sit with so much Security. What a very agreeable mixture of Persons and Things do these numberless Candles and Torches, round this great City, present to us? What pretty Arts Men have to extend their Lives, and
double

double their Joys, by this Day of their own making? 'Tis, methinks, an Argument of the Greatness of Human Life, that the Wit of Man is never at rest, but always hurry'd on in search of something to give it self a Satisfaction, which cannot be drawn from meer natural Occurrences, but must be rais'd from the Embellishments of Arts, the Entertainment of Inventions, and ———

The Devil had not Patience, but immediately interrupted the Harangue. *Cleofas* was going into, and told him; Sir, if you desire our Conversation shall not be merely a Ramble, like the Labour of silly Travellers, who fill their Heads with Admiration, and neglect Knowledge, let me beseech you to wait for my Opinion of what you see, before you commend it. The spacious Streets taken up with various Business and Hurry, the different Ways you see Equipages, laden Carriages, and Crouds of People moving by Candle-light, make you fall

fall into Applauses of the Industry of Man, when at the same time I must tell you, there is not one Person in all that Croud who had not better be fast asleep, than employ'd as you see him, if you knew what he was going about, and is the Motive of his Actions.

Dæmon, reply'd the Scholar, you and I are so new Acquaintance, and the Profession you are of has so ill a Reputation for Sincerity, that I am at a Loss, both as to what kind of things you really think laudable, and as to your Veracity in speaking your real Sentiments of what you applaud. Scholar, said the *Dæmon*, we shall speak of Things and Persons, as they stand in the Order of Nature. A Man is to be commended when he doth what, as Man, he ought to do; and a Thing is valuable so far as it is serviceable to some good End or other. By this plain way of thinking, Objects keep their Place in the Opinion, whether the Observer be a Devil, a Saint, a Philosopher or a

Peasant. Before this Light it is, that grave Politicians of twenty, airy Girls of fifty, languishing Lovers of sixty, and all Persons who affect Characters unseasonable to their Age, I say, before this Light it is, that all Varnish disappears, and Youth is then only graceful when it becomes its Pleasures, and Age when it consults its Ease.

The Scholar was still entertaining his Eyes in the gross, with the Variety of Objects before him, and enjoying the Pleasure of looking into the Houses which his Companion had until'd, when an Assembly very regularly dispos'd in one of 'em had fix'd his Attention: He communicated his Satisfaction to his Familiar; who immediately assum'd a new Air and Mein, and told him, with an unusual Chearfulness, that he was glad he lik'd an Edifice in which he had a particular Interest. That Structure, said he, is a Theatre, the Master of which is so near a Relation of mine, that I may call it my own House

House upon that Foundation, as well as that it is the constant Scene of Love-Adventures, of which I am President. I see, quoth *Cleofas*, a pretty smug Gentleman stand behind the Scenes, with a Cane in his Hand, of a wrinkled Countenance, but an amorous, briskish Eye: he looks, methinks, as if he had formerly been an old Man; and there is something so particularly resembling yourself in the Novelty of his Address, that I presume he is the Kinsman you boast of. Sir, answer'd *Asmodeo*, your Conjecture is just: that is Signior *Divita*: You are to understand, continued he, the Figure you there observe is a Twin-Brother of mine, and lay with me in the same Cradle, when a certain Emisfary of the Kingdom of Darkness came and survey'd us both; me he observ'd to be the most phlegmatick, and consequently thought I should stand in need of continual Instigation to Evil, therefore he took me off to make a Devil, and left my

Brother to be bred an Attorney, in which Way we are sure of Men's Services all their Lives, and their Company at the End of 'em. But what has an Attorney to do with the Stage? interrupted *Cleofas*. Sir, reply'd *Asmodeo*, an Attorney has hold of any Thing or Person with which he can join his Name in a Parchment: My Brother had these Premisses for ever fix'd to him by an Instrument which Men call a Mortgage, with this peculiar Clause, That the Land is for ever paying, but is never to discharge itself, which is a Prerogative they of the Faculty have above all other Men; for Lawyers, like Priests, can purchase but not alienate. This my Brother is the newest Character upon Earth, an hopeful old Man, and I doubt not but before he is seventy he'll make Love with as good an Air as the best of 'em. He has wholly bid farewell to his dusty Parchments, and uses his Arts as an Attorney, but merely as the Pitfalls and Trap-doors
on

on his Stage, which serve at once to make his own Escape, and catch his Pursuers. Well, quoth *Cleofas*, of all Men living, give me the Life of Signior *Divito*: Such Company to visit him! such a Seraglio to attend him! I may say it without Vanity, quoth *Asmodeo*, my Brother has as great an Influence on the Pains and Joys of Lovers as any Being below myself in the Universe: But such is the Ingratitude of Mankind, that all his Cares are neglected. Did you but see him in his Spectacles examining the tender Hams of a young Dancer, the heaving Bosom of an Actress to be bred to Tragedy; in short, the constant Correspondences the painful Labourer is forced to keep with all the idle Part of Mankind, both Foreign and Domestick, you would own him to be the *Machiavel* for the State of Love. He can tell you, as soon as any Spirit of us all, how long such a young Virgin will hold out against such an importunate Lover; how

soon that Lover will be weary of her, and consequently she fall under his Dominion, to Act and Propagate the Passion which Undid her. I am very glad, my dear Scholar, you fix'd your Eye there, for a Theatre is the truest Picture of Human Life; and the Men who make the greatest Figure in the World are no more what they seem, than that little diminutive Fellow you see taking off his Buskins and his Feather in the Tyring-Room, is the Heroe you saw just now on the Stage. To make it yet more like the World, do you look on yonder Couch, and see how *Lucrece* and *Tarquin* agree behind the Scenes. Such is the Force of Distance, and well-manag'd Imposture, that the Pitch and Rosin that Fellow is mixing will appear to the Audience Lightning, and the rolling that Nine-pin Bowl makes him a Thunderer: In a Word, the Stage may represent to you in the most lively Colours the Distinctions and Manners among Men. This only must
be

be said for the Play-house, that it is much less a Cheat than the World: For the Actor must have the Mein, the Gesture, the Look, the Voice, and the whole Behaviour of the Heroe whom he personates; while the Mock-Worthy, which Fortune gives you very often, in every Step he makes is out of his Character, and shows you he either never knew, or has forgot what is really his Part. To give you then Instances of the Imposture, in each Place, turn from the Playhouse, and look elsewhere.

Where shall we begin? Let us observe first of all in the House on the right hand, that old Wretch telling his Gold and Silver; he is a rich, covetous Citizen. His Coach, which he had for almost nothing at an Auction of an *Alcalde* of the Court, is drawn by two poor lean Mules that are in the Stable, and which he feeds according to the Laws of the Twelve Tables, that is, each with a Pound of Barley a-day.

He uses them as the *Romans* did their Slaves. It is about two Years since he return'd from the *Indies*, loaded with a vast Quantity of Bars of Gold, which he turn'd into ready Money. Do but admire with what an Eye of Pleasure this Fool surveys his Riches. He is never satisfy'd with looking at them. But at the same time see what is going forward in the Chamber adjoining. Don't you see two young Fellows with an old Woman? Yes, answer'd *Don Cleofas*, I suppose they are his Children. No, reply'd the Devil; they are his Nephews and Heirs, who being impatient to divide his Spoils, are consulting a Witch to know when he shall die.

In the next House there is a Couple of pleasant Pictures enough. One is a superannuated Coquet going to Bed, after leaving her Hair, Eyebrows, and Teeth on her Toilet. The other is an amorous Dotard of sixty, just come from making Love. He has already laid down his Eye,
false

false Whiskers and Peruke which hid his bald Pate, and expects his Man to take off his wooden Arm, and Leg, to go to Bed with the rest.

If I may trust my Eyes, said *Zambullo*, in yonder House I see a beautiful, tall young Girl, that would make a fine Picture: What a charming Air she has! Very well, reply'd the Cripple; that beautiful young Creature, you are so charm'd with, is elder Sister to the Gallant that is going to Bed. One may say she is the Counter-part of that old Coquet who lodges with her. Her Shape, which you admire, is a Machine, in the adjusting of which all the Art of the ablest Mechanics has been exhausted: her Breasts and her Hips are artificial, and not long since she dropp'd her Rump at Church, in the midst of the Sermon. Yet as she gives herself a girlish Air, she has two young Fellows that strive to be in her good Graces: nay, they have even proceeded to Blows for her.

The Fools! methinks I see two Dogs fighting for a Bone.

Pr'ythee laugh with me at the Concert begun after a Family-Supper, in that House hard by there. They are singing Cantatas; an old Counsellor compos'd the Music, and the Words are a Bayliff's, who sets up for making Love, a Coxcomb that makes Verses for his own Diversion, and the Punishment of others. The Symphony consists of a Bagpipe and a Spinnet: An old ungain Choirister with a squeaking Pipe sings the Treble, and a young Girl with a very deep Voice the Bass. Very pleasant indeed, cry'd Don Cleofas laughing! Had they intended to have made a Jest of all Music, they could not have succeeded better.

Cast your Eyes on that magnificent Palace, pursu'd the Devil, you will there see a great Lord laid in a splendid Apartment, with a Casket full of *Billers-doux*, which he is continually reading to lull him asleep
more

more voluptuously. They come from a Lady whom he adores, and who puts him to such an Expence, that he will soon be reduced to solicit for a Vice-Royalty to support himself.

If every body is at Rest in that Palace, and every thing hush'd and still there; to make Amends, every thing seems to be in Motion in the next House on the left Hand. Do not you distinguish a Lady in a red Damask Bed? It is a Woman of Quality, *Donna Fabula*, who has just sent for a Midwife, and is going to present her old Husband *Don Terribio*, whom you see by her, with an Heir. Are not you charm'd with that Gentleman's good Nature? The Cries of his dear Moiety pierce his Soul: He is penetrated with Grief, and suffers as much as she. With what Care and Earnestness does he strive to help her! Really, said *Leandro*, the Man is in a great Fluster; but I discern another who seems to sleep very sound in the same House, with-

without being concern'd at the Success of the Affair. And yet he should have some Concern, reply'd the Cripple, since that Domestic is the first Cause of all the Pains his Lady suffers.

Carry your eye a little farther, continued he, and observe that Hypocrite in a low Room rubbing himself all over with Coach-wheel Grease, in order to go to a Meeting of Sorcerers this Night between *St. Sebastian's* and *Fontarabia*. I would carry you thither this Minute to oblige you with so pleasant a Diversion, if I was not afraid of being known by the Devil who personates the Goat there.

That Devil and you then, said the Scholar, are not very good Friends. No, I think not indeed, answer'd *Asmodeo*: Why, it is the Numerical *Pillardoc* I was mentioning just now. The Rascal would most certainly betray me, and inform our Magician of my Flight. You have besides perhaps had some Squabble with this

this same *Pillardoc*. I have so, reply'd the *Dæmon*: About two Years ago we had a fresh Dispute about a Gentleman's Son at *Paris* who had some Thoughts of settling in the World. We both pretended to the Disposal of him. He would have made him a Factor, and I would fain have had him a smart Fellow, and made his Fortune among the Women; but our Comrades, to end the Dispute, made a rascally Monk of him. They then reconciled us, and we embraced ——— and from that time became mortal foes.

Let us have done with this *belle Assemblée*, said *Don Cleofas*, for I have no manner of Curiosity to be at it; but let us rather pursue our Examination of what offers before us. Pray tell me, what mean those Sparks of Fire issuing out of that Cave? It is, reply'd the Devil, one of the most foolish amongst all the Works of Men. The grave Personage you see in that Cave, at the flaming Furnace, is an Alchymist, whose

whose rich Patrimony the Fire will consume by degrees, and he will never find what he spends it in search of. For, between you and I, the Philosopher's Stone is no better than a fine Chimera, that I my self forged, to divert my self with Human Understanding, which would pass the Bounds prescrib'd to it.

This Alchymist's Neighbour is an honest Apothecary, who is not yet gone to Bed. You see him at work in his Shop with his decrepid Wife and Apprentice. Do you know what they are doing? The Master is preparing a prolific Pill for an old Advocate that is to be married To-morrow; the Man is making a laxative Decoction, and the Woman beating astringent Drugs in a Mortar.

In the House over-against the Apothecary's, said *Zambullo*, I see a Man getting out of Bed and dressing in all haste. 'Adso, answer'd the Spirit, it is a Physician rising upon a very pressing Occasion. He

is

is sent for to a Prelate, who cough'd twice or thrice after he was gone to Bed.

Turn your Eyes a little farther to the right, and try, whether by the dull Lamp in that Garret, you can distinguish a Man stalking in his Shirt. Yes, yes, I am right, cry'd the Scholar, by the same Token that I would venture to draw you up an Inventory of the Furniture in it. There is nothing but a wretched sorry Bed, a Stool, a Table, and the dirty Walls all over as black as Soot. That lofty-minded Person, reply'd *Asmodeo*, is a Poet; and what seems black to you, are Tragic Verses of his own Composition, with which he has hung his Chamber; for the want of Paper forces him to write his Poems on the Walls.

By the Hurry, and busy Air of his Gait, said *Don Cleofas*, I should conclude that he was composing some piece of very great Importance. You are not in the wrong to think so,

so, said the Cripple ; he yesterday gave the finishing Stroke to a Tragedy, Intitl'd, the *Universal Deluge*. He cannot be reproach'd with neglecting the Unity of Place, since all the Scenes are laid in *Noah's Ark*.

I assure you 'tis an excellent Piece, for all the Beasts are there introduced talking as learnedly as so many Doctors. He intends to dedicate it; and has already spent six Hours in working up the Epistle Dedicatory, and is at this Moment gotten to the last Line. It may justly be call'd a Master-piece ; for not one of the moral or political Virtues, not one of the Topics of Praise that can possibly be bestow'd on a Man whose Ancestors, or his own Merit, has rendred illustrious, are spar'd : Never was Author so prodigally lavish of his Flatteries. To whom does he design to address so magnificent an Elogy? reply'd the Scholar. He knows nothing of that yet, answer'd the Devil, he has left a Blank for the

the Name, and he is in Quest of some rich Lord, more generous than the Patrons to whom he has dedicated his former Pieces. But People that pay for Dedications are very scarce now-a-days. Men of Quality have mended that Fault, and thereby done an acceptable Service to the Public, which before was continually pester'd with wretched Performances; the greatest part of Books being formerly written for the Lucre of their Dedications.

Now we are upon the Subject of Dedications, added the *Dæmon*, I must give you a very extraordinary Circumstance: A Lady at Court having allow'd an Author to dedicate his Works to her, resolv'd to see the Dedication before it was printed; and not thinking it came up to her Perfections, took the Pains to compose one of her own, and send it to the Author to place it before his Works.

I fancy, cry'd *Leandro*, I see Thieves breaking into a House over

a Balcony. You are not mistaken, said *Asmodeo*, they are House-breakers getting into a Banker's. Let us watch them, and see what they will do. They are examining the Counting-house, and rummaging every where. But the Banker has been before-hand with them, he yesterday made the best of his way to *Holland*, with all the Riches in his Coffers.

Sure, said *Zambullo*, that is another Thief on a silk Ladder getting into a Balcony. No; he is not what you take him to be, answer'd the Cripple. It is a Marquis scaling the Chamber of a Virgin, who is very willing to be rid of that Name. He made her some superficial Promises of Marriage, and she not in the least distrusting his Oaths, has yielded; and no Wonder, for on Love's Exchange, your Marquisses are Merchants of very great Reputation.

I should be glad to know, said the Scholar, what that Man in the Night-gown and Cap is doing. He is

is writing very hard, and all the while his Hand is guided by a little black Figure that stands at his Elbow. The Man a writing, answer'd the Devil, is a Clerk or Register of a Court, who, to oblige a Guardian who will return the Favour, is altering a Decree pronounced in Favour of his Pupil, and the little black Figure that guides his Hand, is Beau *Griffael*, the Clerks Devil. But this *Griffael*, reply'd *Don Cleofas*, I suppose, supplies this Place only as a Deputy; since *Flagel* being the Spirit of the Bar, the Registers seem directly subject to his Direction. No, reply'd *Asmodeo*; the Registers were thought a Body considerable enough to have a Devil of their own; and I assure you he has more upon his Hands than he can compass.

In a Citizen's House next Door to the Register, observe a young Lady on the first Floor; she is a Widow, and the Man you see with her is her Uncle, who lives on the second. The Bashfulness of that young

young Widow deserves your Admiration: she scruples receiving her Shift before her Uncle, but retires into her Cabinet to have it put on by her Gallant, whom she has hidden there.

With the Register lives a Relation of his, a great, greasy, lame Graduate, who for Joking has not his Fellow in the World. *Volumnius*, so cry'd up by *Cicero* for his smart, witty Repartees, did not rally so agreeably. This Batchelor, call'd at *Madrid* the Graduate * *Donoso* by way of Excellence, is courted by all the Court and City that make Entertainments. Every one strives who shall have him; he has a particular Knack of making the Guests merry, and is the very Soul and Delight of an Entertainment; so that he every day dines at some considerable Man's, and never returns 'till two in the Morning. He is now at the Marquis of *Alcaniza's*, which happen'd purely

* *Donoso* is facetious in the Spanish Tongue.

purely by chance. How by chance ? interrupted *Leandro*. I will explain my self, answer'd the Devil. About Noon to-day there were five or six Coaches at the Graduate's Door from different Noblemen that all sent for him. He order'd their Pages to be sent up to him, and taking a Pack of Cards, told them, that since he could not oblige all their Masters, and was resolv'd not to give any Preference, those Cards should decide the Matter, and that he would dine with the King of Spades.

What can be the Design of that Cavalier, said *Don Cleofas*, who is sitting at a Door on the other side the Way ? Does he wait for the Chamber-maid's letting him in ? No, no, answer'd *Asmodeo* ; He is a young *Castilian* that is practising your sublime Love in Form. He has a mind, out of a pure Spirit of Gallantry, in Imitation of Lovers of former Days, to pass the Night at his Mistress's Door. Every now and then

then he thrums upon a miserable Guitar, accompanying it with Ditties of his own composing; but his *Dulcinea* who lies on the second Floor, whilst she is listening to his Musick, is all the while bewailing the Absence of his Rival.

Let us give a Look into that new Building divided into two separate Wings. In the first lives the Owner of it, that old Gentleman who sometimes walks about the Room, and sometimes sinks into his easy Chair: Sure, said *Zambullo*, his Head must be taken up with some Project of Importance. Who can this Man be? To judge, by the Splendor and Riches of his Apartments, he must be some Grandee of the highest Rank. However, answer'd the Devil, he is no more than a *Contador*, but is grown old in Places of great Profit. His Estate is worth about four Millions; but his Conscience suggesting some uneasy Reflections upon the manner of his acquiring it, and finding he must shortly make up his
Ac-

Accounts in the other World, he is grown scrupulous, and is thinking of building a Monastery, and flatters himself that after so good a Work, his Mind will be at Rest. He has already obtain'd Leave to found a Convent; but being firmly resolv'd not to place any Monks in it, in whom the Virtues of Chastity, Sobriety, and Humility do not eminently shine, he is very much puzzled in the Choice.

In the second Wing lives a fair Lady, who after bathing in Milk, is just slept into Bed. This voluptuous Creature is Widow to a Knight of the Order of St. *Jaques*, whose empty Title was all the Riches he left her. But by good Fortune, two Counsellors of the Council of *Castile* are her Gallants, who equally contribute to the Expences of her House.

Alas! cry'd the Scholar, the Air resounds with Shrieks and Lamentations, Some sad Accident must have happen'd. It is this, said the Spirit.
Two

Two young Gentlemen were playing at Cards in that Gaming-house, where you see so many Lamps and Candles lighted up ; they grew warm upon their Game, drew their Swords, and wounded each other mortally. The eldest of them is married, the youngest an only Son, and they are both expiring. The Wife of the one, and the Father of the other, inform'd of the sad Disaster, are just come to them, and they fill the Neighbourhood with their Complaints. Unfortunate Child, said the Father addressing himself to his Son, who was past hearing him, how often have I advised thee to leave off Play ? How often have I foretold thee, that it would cost thee thy Life ? If thou diest thus unfortunately, I here call Heaven to Witness, it is not my Fault. As for the poor Wife, she is running mad ; tho' her Husband have by his Gaming lost all the Fortune she brought him, tho' he have sold all her Jewels, and even her very Cloaths ; she

is inconsolable at the Loss of him. She is cursing Cards, which have been the Cause of it, she is cursing him that invented them, she is cursing the Gaming-house, and all that live in it.

I extremely pity People that are raving mad for Play, said *Don Cleofas*, their Minds are often in such a horrid Situation. Thank Heaven, I have nothing to answer for upon account of that Vice. But you have another full as bad, reply'd the Devil. Think you it is at all more excusable to give yourself up to common Prostitutes; and was not you this very Night in danger of being kill'd by Bullies? Really I admire at the Folly of Mankind; their own Faults seem Peccadillo's to them, whereas they look at those of others thro' a Microscope.

Let me present you with some more melancholy Images, continu'd *Asmodeo*; observe that corpulent Man stretch'd out upon a Bed in the House just by the Gaming-house. It is an unfortunate Canon, who just

now fell into an Apoplexy: his Niece and Domestics, far from affording him any Assistance, suffer him to die for want of it, and are seizing his best Effects, and conveying them to a Receiver of stolen Goods; after which they will be wholly at Leisure to mourn and to lament.

A little farther you see two Men, whom they are now burying: They are two Brothers, that were both sick of the same Disease, but took different Measures; one of them rely'd, with an entire Confidence, on his Physician; the other let Nature take her Course, yet they are both dead; the former from taking all the Physic the Doctor order'd, and the latter because he would take nothing. This is very perplexing, said *Leandro*; Alas! what must then a poor sick Man do? That is more than I can tell you, reply'd the Devil: I know very well there are such things as good Remedies, but cannot say whether there are any good Physicians.

Let

Let us change the Scene, continu'd he ; I will shew you something more diverting. Do not you hear a frightful Din in the Street? A Widow of sixty has this Morning married a young Fellow of seventeen, upon which, all the merry Fellows in that Quarter are met together to celebrate the Wedding, with a jangling Consort of Pots, Frying-pans, and Kettles. You told me, interrupted the Scholar, that the making ridiculous Matches was your Province ; yet you had no hand in this. No truly, reply'd the Cripple ; I was far from having any hand in it, for I was confin'd ; but had I been at Liberty, I would not have meddled in it. This Widow had a scrupulous Conscience, and only married to enjoy her darling Pleasures without Remorse. I never make such Marriages : I have a much greater Pleasure in troubling Consciences, than in setting them at rest.

Notwithstanding the Din of this burlesque Serenade, said *Zambullo*, I

fancy I hear another Noise. Yes, answer'd the Cripple, it comes from a Tavern, where a great, greasy *Dutch* Captain, a *French* Choirister, and a *German* Officer of the Guards are singing a Three-part Song ; they have been at it ever since eight this Morning, and each of them fancies it is for the Honour of his Country to make the two others Drunk.

Throw your Eyes a Moment cross the Way to that House that stands by it self over-against the Canon's ; you will see three famous Courtezans making a Debauch with three great Lords of the Court. Ah how pretty are they, said *Don Cleofas* ! I do not wonder that Men of Quality are so mad after them ! How they embrace them ! they must certainly be deeply in Love with them. How young and unexperienced are you, said the Spirit ! You do not know this sort of Ladies ; their Hearts are more painted than their Faces. Whatever Marks of Tenderness they express, yet they have not the least Grain

Grain of it for those Lords. They careſs the one for a Protection, and the two others for Settlements. It is ſo with all Coquets, and tho' Men very fairly ruin themſelves for them, they are not the more lov'd by them; but on the contrary, whoever pays for Love, is treated like a Husband: This is a Law in amorous Intrigues, which I my ſelf have eſtabliſh'd. But let us leave thoſe worthy Peers to taſte the Pleaſures they ſo dearly purchaſe, whiſt their Footmen, who wait for them in the Street, comfort themſelves in the pleaſing Expectations of enjoying them *gratis*.

Pray do me the Favour, interrupted *Leandro Perez*, to explain that Picture that now preſents it ſelf before me. Every body is ſtill up in that great Houſe on the Left. What is the meaning that ſome are laughing ready to burſt, and others dancing? It muſt be ſome great Feſtival ſure. It is a Wedding, ſaid the Cripple, all the Servants are making merry, but within leſs than three Days, that

very Palace which you see at present the Scene of so much Joy, was the House of utmost Mourning. It is a Story I must let you into: indeed it is somewhat long, but I hope you will not think it tiresome. At the same time he thus began.



CHAP. IV.

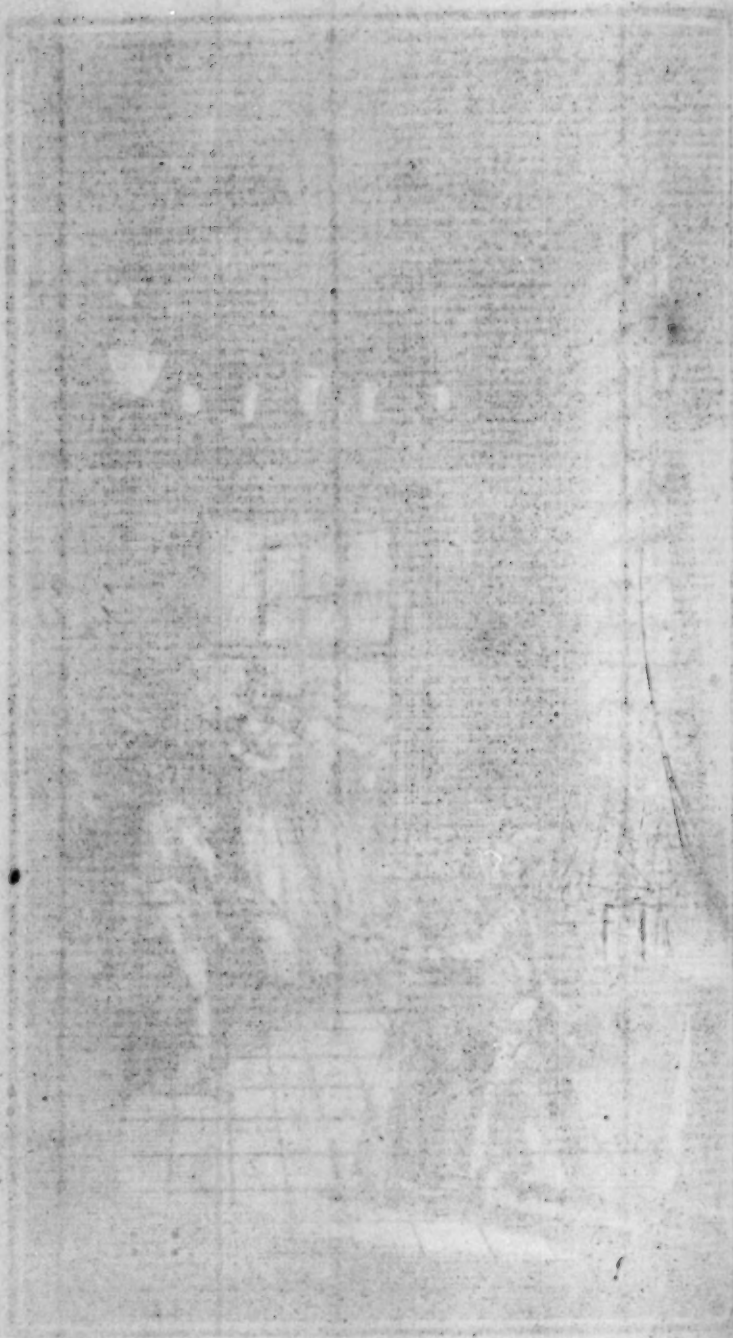
The History of the Amours of the Count de Belflor, and of Leonora de Cespides.

THE Count *de Belflor*, one of the most considerable *Grandeess* of the Court, lov'd young *Leonora de Cespides* to distraction, but never intended to marry her: The Daughter of an ordinary Gentleman did not seem a Match considerable enough for him, for which reason he only propos'd to make a Mistress of her.

'Twas with this Design that he pursu'd her where-ever she went,
and



Vol. 1. p. 54



and lost no Opportunity of discovering his Love, by the extraordinary Respects he paid her: But he could neither speak nor write to her, she being perpetually guarded by a severe and vigilant *Duenna*, whose Name was Madam *Marcella*. This drove him to Despair, and feeling his Desires irritated, by the Difficulty of attaining them, he was continually projecting Ways to deceive the *Argus* which guarded his *Io*.

On the other side, *Leonora* perceiving the Count's Regard for her, could not help being touch'd with the same Tenderness for him, which insensibly form'd it self into such a Passion in her Heart, as at last grew to be extremely violent. I did not indeed augment it by my common Temptations, because the Magician, who kept me Prisoner, deny'd me the Use of all my Functions; but Nature, no less dangerous than my self, engag'd in it, and that was enough. And indeed all the difference that there is betwixt her and me is,

that Nature corrupts Hearts by slow degrees, whilst I seduce them expeditiously.

Affairs were in this Posture, when *Leonora* and her perpetual Governante, going one Morning to Church, met an old Woman with one of the largest Strings of Beads that ever Hypocrisie yet made: accosting them with a pleasant smiling Air, she thus address'd her self to the *Duenna*; The good God preserve you! said she; The holy Peace be with you! Give me leave to ask whether you are not Madam *Marcella*, the chaste Widow of the late Signior *Martin Rozeta*? The Governante having answer'd, Yes: You are luckily met then, reply'd the old Woman; and I am to acquaint you, that I have at home an old Relation of mine, who is very desirous to speak with you. He is lately arriv'd from *Flanders*, was your Husband's most intimate Friend, and has some Particulars of the utmost Importance to communicate to you. He had waited on
you

you if he had not been prevented by a fit of Sicknefs, that has reduced him to the point of Death. I live not half a Stone's throw from hence, I befeech you to take the Trouble of following me.

The Governante, who wanted not Prudence and good Senfe, being afraid of a false Step, knew not what to refolve on; but the old Woman gueffing the Reason of her Uneafinefs, faid to her; Dear Madam *Marcella*, you may fecurely rely upon me, my Name is *la Chicona*; the Licentiate *Marcas de Figueroa*, and the Batchelor *Mira de Mefqua* will answer for me as foon as for their Grandmothers. I don't defire you to come to my Houfe for any thing but your own good. My Relation is willing to reftore you a Sum of Money, which he borrow'd of your Husband. The very thoughts of Reftitution engag'd *Marcella* on her fide: Come Girl, faid ſhe to *Leonora*, let's go fee this good Lady's Relation; to vifit the Sick is an Act of Charity.

They soon reach'd *la Chicon's* House; and were led into a lower Room, where they found a Man in Bed with a grey Beard, and if he was not really very sick, he at least feign'd himself so. Cousin, said the Old Woman, presenting to him the Governante, here is the Lady you desir'd to speak with, Madam *Marcella*, the Widow of your Friend Signior *Martin Rozeta*. At these Words the old Man lifting up his Head a little, saluted the *Duenna*, and making Signs for her to come nearer the Bed-side, said in a feeble Tone; I thank Heaven, dear Madam *Marcella*, for prolonging my Life to this Moment, which was the only thing I desir'd; I fear'd I should have dy'd without the Satisfaction of seeing you, and putting into your own Hands an hundred Ducats which my intimate Friend, your late Husband, lent me to help me out of an honourable Quarrel I was formerly engag'd in at *Bruges*. Did he never acquaint you with that Adventure?

Alas

Alas no, answer'd Madam *Marcella*, he never mention'd it. God rest his Soul! he was generous enough to forget the Services he did his Friends; and, very unlike those Boasters who brag of what they never did, he never told when he oblig'd any Person. He certainly had a very great Soul, reply'd the old Man; a Truth which I am more firmly engag'd to believe than any Man else; and to prove it to you, you must give me leave to relate the Affair out of which I was so happily extricated by his Assistance; but having something to disclose of the last Importance with regard to the Memory of the deceas'd, I should be very glad of an Opportunity of revealing them to his discreet Widow alone.

Very well, said *la Chicona*, that you may have the better Opportunity of discoursing her in private, this young Lady and I will retire to my Closet. At these Words she left the *Duenna* with the sick Man, and conducted *Leonara* into another Cham-

Chamber, where without any Circumlocution she said, Fair *Leonora*, the Moments are too precious to be mis-spent ; you know the Count *de Belflor* by sight, he has long lov'd you, and languishing dies for an Opportunity to tell you so ; but the Vigilance and Severity of your Governante have always hindred him from enjoying that Satisfaction. In this Despair he had Recourse to my Industry, which I have made use of for him. The old Man, whom you have just now seen is the Count's young *Valet de Chambre*, and all that hath been done is only a Trick to deceive your Governante and draw you hither.

These Words were no sooner ended, than the Count, who was conceal'd behind the Hangings, appear'd, and throwing himself at *Leonora's* Feet : Madam, said he, pardon the Stratagem of a Lover who could no longer live without speaking to you ; if this obliging Matron had not procur'd me this Opportunity, I should have

have abandon'd my self to Despair. These Words, express'd with a very moving Air by a Person not at all disagreeable to her, highly perplex'd *Leonora*: she continu'd some time doubtful what Answer she ought to make; but at last recovering herself, and looking displeas'd at the Count, said: Perhaps you believe your self very much oblig'd to this officious Lady, who has so well serv'd your Purpose; but her Designs to serve you shall prove ineffectual.

At these Words she made several Steps to get out of the Room, but the Count stopp'd her; Stay, said he, adorable *Leonora*, hear me one Moment, my Passion is so pure that it ought not to alarm you; I own you have some Grounds to oppose the Artifice which I have made use of to converse with you; but have I not hitherto in vain endeavour'd to speak to you? I have follow'd you these six Months to the Churches, Walks, Play-houses, and all public Places.

Places. I have long in vain watch'd an Opportunity of telling you how you have charm'd me ; your cruel, your merciless Governess has continually frustrated my Designs. Alas then, instead of turning the Stratagem which I have been forced to employ into a Crime, commiserate, fair *Leonora*, my suffering all the Tortures of such a tedious Expectation, and judge, by your Charms, the mortal Pangs they have occasion'd.

Belflor did not forget to reinforce his Words with all the Airs of Persuasion which gallant Men are us'd to practise with Success, accompanying his Words with some Tears ; with which *Leonora* began to be touch'd, and in despite of her Resolution, some tender compassionate Emotions began to arise in her Heart ; but far from yielding to them, the more she perceiv'd them to grow, the more she press'd to be gone. Count, said she, all your Talk is in vain, I wilt not hear you ; don't detain

tain me any longer, but let me go out of a House in which my Virtue is so rudely attack'd, or by my Cries I will call in all the Neighbourhood, and expose your Audaciousness to the Public. This she utter'd in such a resolute Tone, that *la Chicona*, who was oblig'd to stand in Awe of the Magistracy, begg'd of the Count not to push things any farther: Upon which he forbore opposing *Leonora's* Intention, who got out of his Hands, and (what had never before happen'd to any Virgin) quitted the Closet as good a Maid as she enter'd it.

She immediately flew to her Governante; Come, good Matron, said she, leave off your foolish Dialogue; we are cheated, let's quit this dangerous House. What's the Matter, Child! with Amazement answer'd Madam *Marcella*: What is the Reason of your so hasty Departure? I'll inform you, reply'd *Leonora*; but let's fly, for every Minute I stay here gives me fresh Uneasiness. How-
ever

ever earnest the *Duenna* was to know the Cause of this Haste, she could not then be satisfy'd, but was oblig'd to yield to the Instances of *Leonora*. They both went away in a hurry, leaving *la Cbicon*, the Count, and his *Valet de Chambre* in as great Confusion, as a parcel of Players oblig'd to act a Piece, that has already been damn'd by the Criticks.

When *Leonora* was gotten into the Street, with a great deal of inward Disturbance she began to tell her Governante what pass'd in *la Cbicon*'s Closet. Madam *Marcella* was very attentive, and when they had reach'd their own House, I protest, my Daughter, said she, I am extremely mortify'd at the Thoughts of what you have just inform'd me of; how was it possible for me to be deluded by that old Woman? At first I made a Difficulty of following her: O that I had continu'd in the same Opinion! I ought to have mistrusted her flattering Wheedles. I have committed a Folly not to be forgiven

given in a Person of my Experience. Ah why did not you discover this Plot whilst I was at *la Chicona's* House! I would have scratch'd out their Eyes, call'd the Count *de Belflor* by all the Names I could have thought on, and tore off the Beard of the Counterfeit old Man, who told me so many Lies. But I will this Minute return with the Money which I honestly receiv'd as a real Restitution of what I suppos'd my Husband had lent, and if I find them together they shall not lose by staying for me. These Words ended, she put on her Veil which she had laid by, flew out, and made the best of her way to *la Chicona's* House.

The Count was yet there, and by the ill Success of his Stratagem, reduced almost to Despair. Another would have quitted the Pursuit; but he was not discourag'd: For, with a thousand good Qualities, he had one which was very ill; it was the suffering himself to be too much hurry'd

hurry'd on by his amorous Inclinations. Whenever he lov'd a Lady, he was too warm in the Pursuit of her Favours, and tho' naturally an honest Man, he made no Scruple of violating the most sacred Laws to accomplish his Desires. Considering then that it was impossible for him to gain his End without the Assistance of Madam *Marcella*, he resolv'd to leave no Means unattempted to engage her in his Interest. He concluded that this *Duenna*, how severe soever she appear'd, was not Proof against a considerable Present; and indeed his Opinion was not unjust, for if there are any such things as *Trusty Governantes*, the only Reason is that the *Gallants* are not rich enough to make sufficient Presents.

Madam *Marcella* was no sooner arriv'd, but finding those she wish'd for there, she open'd in a very outrageous manner, loading the Count and *la Chicon* with a Million of hard Names, and made the Restitution-Sum fly at the Head of the *Valet de Chambre*.

Chambre. The Count attempted to appease this Storm with Patience, and throwing himself at the *Duenna's* Feet to render the Scene more moving, he press'd her to take the Purse again, and offer'd her a thousand Pistoles besides, conjuring her to have Pity on him. As her Compassion had never been so powerfully sollicitated, so she did not prove inexorable. She soon quitted her *Invectives*, and comparing the offer'd Sum with the mean Recompence she expected from *Don Lewis*, she easily found that it was more for her Interest to draw *Leonora* from her Duty, than preserve her in it; which engag'd her, after a few complimentary Refusals, to take up the Purse again, accept the Offer of the thousand Pistoles, promise to be subservient to the Count's Passion, and immediately prepare for a Performance of her Promise.

Knowing *Leonora* to be a virtuous young Lady, she very carefully avoided giving her the least Suspicion
of

of her Correspondence with the Count, for fear she should discover it to *Don Lewis*, her Father; and being resolv'd on more subtle Measures to ruin her, she thus address'd herself at her Return: *Leonora*, I have just now satisfy'd my enrag'd Mind, I found the three villanous Deceivers confounded at our courageous Retreat. I threaten'd *la Cbiconna* with your Father's Resentment, and the most rigorous Severity of the Law; I call'd the Count *de Belflor* all the ill Names which Rage could suggest, and hope that Lord will no more be guilty of any such Attempts, and that his Intrigues will no more exercise my Vigilance. I thank Heav'n that by your Resolution you have escap'd the Net which was spread for you. I weep for Joy, I am ravish'd to think he has not been able to gain any Advantage over you by this Stratagem; for great Lords make it their Diversion to seduce young Ladies. Most of those who value themselves on preserving

serving the strictest degree of Probi-
ty are not scrupulous on this Head,
as tho' the dishonouring of Families
was no ill Act. I don't absolutely say
that the Count is a Man of this Cha-
racter, nor that he aims at deceiving
you; we must not always judge ill
of our Neighbours, perhaps his De-
signs are honourable: Tho' his Qua-
lity entitles him to the best Match
at Court, your Beauty may yet have
made him resolve to marry you: I
remember also, in the Answers he
made to the hard Words I gave him,
he hinted it to me.

What do you say, good *Gover-
nante*? interrupted *Leonora*; if he
had any such Intention, he would
before now have ask'd me of my Fa-
ther, who would never have deny'd
a Man of his Quality. What you
say is very just, reply'd the *Duenna*,
I am of your Mind; the Course
which the Count took is suspicious,
or rather his Intentions were ill: I
am almost in the Mind to return to
him, and scold at him afresh. No,
good

good Madam, reply'd *Leonora*, 'tis better to forget what is past, and revenge it by Contempt. 'Tis true, said *Marcella*, I think that is the best way; you are wiser than I. But on the other side, let us not judge amiss of the Count's Sentiments: How do we know but he took that Course, as the most refin'd way of discovering his Passion? Before obtaining your Father's Consent, perhaps he was fond of obtaining your Favour, and securing your Heart by long Services, that your Union might thereby be render'd more charming. If so, my Daughter, would it be a great Crime to hearken to him? Unbosom your self, you know my tender Affection for you; Are you sensible of any Alteration in Favour of the Count? or would you, if it was put to you, refuse to marry him?

At this malicious Question the too sincere *Leonora* cast down her Eyes, and blushing own'd that she had no Aversion for him; but Modesty preventing her farther discovering herself,

self, the *Duenna* press'd her afresh to hide nothing from her: She, over-power'd by the *Governante's* tender Professions, went on: Good *Marcella*, said she, since you would have me talk to you as my Confident, know that I think *Belflor* deserves to be lov'd: I lik'd his Mein so well, and withal have heard such an advantageous Character of him, that I could not help being touch'd with his Addresses. The indefatigable Care which you always took to oppose them hath frequently given me great Uneasiness, and I own that I have silently deplor'd, and in some measure repaid with my Tears, the Pains your Vigilance has forced him to bear. I will farther own to you at this very Moment, that instead of hating him after this rash Attempt, my Heart against my Will excuses him, and throws the Fault on your Severity.

Daughter, reply'd the *Governante*, since you give me leave to believe his Addresses will be agreeable to you,

you, I will manage this Lover for you. I am very sensible, answer'd *Leonora* in a more moving Tone, of the Service you are willing to render me: If the Count was not one of the Grandees of the first Rank at Court, was he only a bare Gentleman, I should prefer him to all Men; but let us not flatter ourselves, *Belflor* is a great Lord, and doubtless is design'd for one of the richest Heiresses in the Kingdom. Don't let us expect that he will ever descend to *Don Lewis's* Daughter, who has but a mean Fortune to offer him: No, no, adds she, he has no such favourable Thought of me; he does not think me worth bearing his Name, and pursues me only to dishonour me.

Ah wherefore, said the *Duenna*, will you think he does not love you well enough to marry you? Love daily works greater Miracles than that. You seem to imagine that Heaven hath set an infinite distance betwixt the Count and you; do
your-

your self more Justice, *Leonora* ; it would not be below him to join his Fortune to yours ; you are of an ancient noble Family, and your Alliance could never put him to the Blush. Since you have some Inclinations towards him, continu'd she, I must talk with him : I will examine his Intentions, and if I find them such as they ought to be, I will encourage them with some Hopes. Oh take care how you do that, reply'd *Leonora* ; I am of Opinion you ought not to go in search of him ; if he suspects my having any hand in it, he will cease to value me. Oh I am a Woman of more Address than you imagine, reply'd *Marcella* ; I will begin with accusing him of a Design to seduce you, upon which he will not fail to justify himself ; I will hear him, and shall see the Event. In short, my Daughter, leave it to me, I'll manage your Honour as cautiously as if it were my own.

The *Duenna* went out at the beginning of the Night : She found *Belflor* near *Don Lewis's* House, and gave him an Account of her Discourse with her Mistress, not forgetting to value herself on her Conduct in the Discovery of the Lady's Passion for him. Nothing could oblige the Count more than this News, wherefore he express'd his Thanks to *Marcella* in the most sensible manner ; that is, he promis'd to give her the thousand Pistoles on the next Day, assuring himself of the Success of his Enterprize ; very well knowing, that a Woman prepossess'd is half seduced. They then parted very well satisfy'd with each other, the *Duenna* returning home.

Leonora, who impatiently expected her, ask'd what News she had brought : The best that you could ever hear, answer'd the *Governante*, all things succeed the best in the World. I have seen the Count ; I can

can tell you that his Intentions are not ill, he has no other Design but that of marrying you. This he swore to me by all that is sacred amongst Men. You may perhaps imagine that I yielded to him upon this, but I assure you I did not. If you are thus resolv'd, said I, why don't you make the usual Application to *Don Lewis*? Ah, dear *Marcella*, answer'd he without appearing disturbed at this Question, could you think it proper for me to obtain her Father's good Will, before I was assured how she stood inclin'd towards me; and, considering nothing but the Transports of a blind Passion, endeavour tyrannically to obtain her of her Father? No; her Ease is dearer to me than my own Desires, and I am too much a Man of Honour to build my Happiness on her Misfortunes.

During these Expressions of his, continu'd the *Duenna*, I observ'd him with the utmost Attention, and employ'd all my Experience in discovering by his Eyes whether his

Love was so sincere as he represented it. What shall I say? He seem'd touch'd with a real Passion, and I with a Joy which without much difficulty I could not conceal. Being then satisfy'd with his Sincerity, I thought it not improper to glance at your Sentiments with regard to him, in order to secure you such a considerable Lover. My Lord, said I to him, *Leonora* hath no Aversion to you; and, as far as I can judge, your Addresses are not insupportable to her. Great God, exclaim'd he then all in a Rapture, what do I hear! Is it possible that the charming *Leonora* should entertain any favourable Thoughts of me? How much am I indebted to you, most obliging *Marcella*, for having rid me of such a tedious Uncertainty: You, who by a continual Opposition have loaded me with so many Torments. But, dear *Marcella*, compleat my Bliss, by obliging me with an Opportunity of speaking with the Divine *Leonora*; I will solemnly

lemnly promise and swear before you, that I will never be any other's but hers.

To this, pursu'd the *Governante*, he added yet more moving Affeверations; in short, Daughter, he entreated me in such a pressing manner to procure him a private Opportunity of speaking to you, that I could not avoid promising to accomplish it. Ah, why did you promise him that? reply'd *Leonora* somewhat disturb'd. With how much Care have you inculcated this Doctrine into me, that a prudent Virgin ought industriously to shun all dangerous Conversations? I agree to what you say, reply'd the *Duenna*, and it is a very good Maxim; but you may lawfully dispense with it on this Occasion, since you may look on the Count as your Husband. He is not so yet, reply'd *Leonora*, and I ought not to see him before my Father allows of his Suit.

Madam *Marcella* now began to repent the good Education she had

bestow'd on the young Lady, since she found it so difficult to subdue her Virtue. But yet resolv'd to compass her End, cost what it would, My dear *Leonora*, said she, I applaud myself when I see you so reserv'd. Oh happy Fruit of my Cares! You have profited by all the Rules I have given you. I am charm'd with my own Work! But, my Daughter, you exaggerate what I have taught, you strain my Morals too severely, and your Virtue is indeed a little too rude. Tho' I am fond of a strict Severity, yet I cannot approve of a brutish ill-manner'd Caution, indistinguishably and indifferently levell'd against Guilt and Innocence. A Virgin doth not abandon her Virtue, by affording her Ear to a Lover, of the Purity of whose Desires she is satisfy'd; in which case it is no more criminal to answer his Passion, than it is to be sensible of it. Depend upon me, *Leonora*, I have too much Experience, and am too deeply engag'd in your Interests,
to

to draw you into any Measures prejudicial to you.

Alas! where would you have me speak with the Count? said *Leonora*. In your own Apartment, reply'd the *Duenna*, for that is the safest Place; I will introduce him to-morrow Night. Good *Marcella*, reply'd *Leonora*, shall I then admit a Man——

Yes, you shall admit him, interrupted the *Duenna*; 'tis no such extraordinary thing as you imagine, 'tis done every day, and I send up my Wishes to Heaven that the Maidens who receive such Visits may be fortify'd with as good Intentions as yours? Besides, what have you to fear? Shall not I be with you? If my Father should surprize us! reply'd *Leonora*. Never disturb your self in the least about that, return'd *Marcella*; your Father is perfectly satisfy'd in your Conduct, knows my Fidelity, and reposes an entire Confidence in me. Upon this *Leonora*, being so violently push'd on by the *Duenna*, and inwardly press'd by

her Love, was no longer able to hold out, but yielded to *Marcella's* Proposal.

The Count was immediately inform'd of it, and so joyfully receiv'd the News, that he instantly presented his Female Agent with five hundred Pistoles and a Ring of the like Value; and she accordingly finding him such a strict Observer of his Word, resolv'd not to fail in the Performance of her Promise. So that next Night, as soon as she imagin'd the Family asleep, she fasten'd to the Balcony a silken Ladder which the Count had given her; and by that means introduced the impatient Lover into his Mistress's Apartment.

In the mean while the young Lady was wholly taken up with a Series of melancholy Reflections, which very much disturb'd her. Notwithstanding her Inclination for the Count, and whatever her *Governante* could say, she blam'd her easie Consent to a Visit that would
violate

violate her Duty. The Purity of his Intentions did not make her easy. To receive a Man into her Chamber by Night, whose real Sentiments she was ignorant of, and withal without her Father's Knowledge, seem'd to her not only criminal, but also what might render her contemptible in her Lover's Eyes. 'Twas this last Reflection which most tormented her, and she was extremely full of it when the Count enter'd.

He immediately fell on his Knees, to thank her for the Favour she did him. He appear'd thoroughly touch'd with Love and Acknowledgement, and assured her of his Intentions to marry her ; but not expressing himself so satisfactorily on that head as she desir'd : Count, said she, I am willing to believe that you have no other Design than what you have told me ; but whatever Assurances you can give me, I shall always suspect them 'till they are authorised by my Father's Consent. Ma-

dam, answer'd *Belflor*, I had long since ask'd that, if I had not fear'd the obtaining it at the Expence of your Repose. I don't blame you for not having yet done it, reply'd *Leonora*, but even approve these more refin'd Punctilio's of your Love; but nothing at present hinders you, and you must speak to my Father as soon as possible, or resolve never to see me more.

Ah! why never see you more, charming *Leonora*! reply'd the Count. How little sensible are you of the Pleasures of Love! If you knew what it was to love, as well as I, you would be pleas'd with my disclosing my Pains in secret, and at least conceal them for some time from your Father's Knowledge. Oh how great are the Charms of such a private Correspondence betwixt two Hearts firmly united! They may prove so to you, said *Leonora*, but they can be no other than Torments to me. Such subtle Distinctions of Tenderness very ill become a vir-
tuous

tuous Maiden: Boast therefore no more of the Delights of a guilty Commerce, which, if you valued me, you would not have offered; and if your Intentions are really such as you wou'd persuade me they are, you ought from the bottom of your Soul to blame my hearing such Offers so patiently. But alas, adds she, letting fall some Tears, 'tis to my Weakness alone that this Crime ought to be imputed; I have indeed deserved it, by doing what I have done for you.

Adorable *Leonora*, cry'd the Count, you wrong me extremely; your too scrupulous Virtue takes false Alarms. Why should you fear, because I have been so happy as to prevail on you to favour my Love, that I should cease to value you? How unjust is this! No, Madam, I am sensible of the full Value of your Favours; they can never deprive you of my Esteem; I am therefore ready to do what you expect of me, and will speak to Signior *Don Lewis* to-morrow. I will use my utmost Endeavour to obtain

tain his Consent to my Happiness ; but I must not omit telling you, that I see but small Hopes of it. How ! replied *Leonora* extremely surprized, can my Father possibly refuse his Consent to a Man of your Character and Quality at Court ? 'Tis that very Quality and Character which makes me fear a Denial. You are in a surprize at what I say. But I'll rid you of it. Some Days past the King declared he was resolved to marry me. He hath not yet named the Lady he designs me for, but has only given me to understand that she is one of the best Matches at Court, and that he is firmly bent upon it. Not knowing at that time what Sentiments you might have with regard to me, (for you very well know that your rigorous Severity never before allowed me an Opportunity of discovering myself) I did not shew any Averseness to obey his Will. After this, judge, Madam, whether *Don Lewis* would run the Risque of the King's Displeasure, by accepting me for his Son-in-Law.

No,

No, doubtless, said *Leonora*; I know my Father, how great soever the Advantages of your Alliance might prove, would chuse rather to renounce it, than expose himself to the King's Displeasure. But if my Father should not oppose our Union, we should not yet be the happier; for in short, Count, how can you give me a Hand which the King has engag'd elsewhere? Madam, answer'd *Belflor*, I own sincerely that I at present labour under a very great Difficulty on that side; but yet hope, that by an even and very prudent Conduct with regard to his Majesty, I shall so well manage his Favours and Friendship for me, as to invent a way to avoid a Misfortune with which I am so unexpectedly threaten'd. You yourself, beautiful *Leonora*, may assist me herein, if you think me worth joining to you. Ah! in what manner, said she, can I contribute to the breaking off the Match which the King has proposed to you? Ah, Madam, replied he

he with a passionate Air, if you please to receive my Troth, which I offer to plight to you, I can preserve myself for you, without incurring the King's Displeasure.

Permit, adorable *Leonora*, adds he kneeling, that I espouse you in the Presence of Madam *Marcella*, and let her be Witness of the Sanctity of our Engagement; by this means I shall easily escape that miserable Knot that is preparing for me: For after that, whenever the King presses me to accept the Lady he designs me, I have nothing to do but prostrate myself at the Feet of my Prince, and inform him that I have long lov'd and secretly married you. However desirous he may be to marry me to another, he is yet too gracious to snatch me from her whom I adore, and too just to offer this Affront to your Family.

What do you think, discreet *Marcella*, adds he, turning to the *Governante*, what's your Opinion of this Project

Project with which Love has this minute inspir'd me? I am charm'd with it, said the *Duenna*; it must indeed be own'd that Love is very ingenious! And you, charming *Leonora*, reply'd the Count, what do you say to it? Can your Heart, tho' arm'd with Distrust, refuse its Approbation? No, return'd *Leonora*, provided you will let my Father into the Secret, who, I doubt not, will subscribe to what you will have him.

We ought to be very careful how we intrust this Affair with him, here interrupted the wicked *Duenna*: You don't know *Don Lewis*; he is too nice in Punctilio's of Honour to be assisting to secret Amours: The very Proposal of a private Marriage will offend him. Besides, his Prudence will not fail to make him afraid of the Consequences of an Union which seems to shock the King's Designs. By this indiscreet Step you will fill him with Suspicions, his Eyes will be continually upon you in all your Actions, and he will deprive you of all Opportunities.

Ah!

Ah! I shall then die with Grief, cry'd our Courtier. But Madam *Marcella*, pursu'd he, affecting a melancholy Tone, do you really believe that *Don Lewis* would reject the Offer of a private Marriage? I don't doubt it in the least, answered the Governante; but grant that he should accept it, he is so scrupulously religious that he would never yield to the Omission of any of the Ceremonies of the Church, and if they are all performed in your Marriage it will soon be published.

Ah my dear *Leonora*, then said the Count tenderly locking his Mistress's Hand betwixt his own, must we, to satisfy a vain Notion of Decorum, expose our selves to the terrible Danger of being separated for ever, since there is no occasion for any body but yourself to dispose of yourself to me? The Consent of a Father would perhaps spare you some uneasy Thoughts; but since Madam *Marcella* has shew'd us the Impossibility of obtaining it, yield yourself to my innocent Desires;

fires ; receive my Heart and Hand, and when it shall be a proper time to inform *Don Lewis* of our Engagement, we will acquaint him also why we conceal'd it. Well, Count, said *Leonora*, I consent then that you do not so soon speak to my Father ; but first sound the King's Mind. Before I receive your Hand in private, speak to your Prince, tell him you have privately married me ; let's endeavour by this false Confidence —

Oh no, Madam, reply'd *Belflor*, I am too great a Hater of a Lie, to dare to maintain this Feint ; I cannot thus dissemble. Besides, I know the King, if he should once discover I had deceived him, would never pardon me so long as he lived.

I should never have done, Signior *Cleofas*, continued the Devil, if I should repeat *verbatim* all the Expressions which *Belflor* made use of to seduce this young Lady. Wherefore I shall only tell you that he employ'd all the passionate Language

guage which I suggest to Men on the like Occasions: But it was in vain he swore he would as soon as possible publickly confirm the Promise which he had made in secret, it was in vain he called Heaven to witness his Oaths, he could not triumph over *Leonora's* Virtue; and Day being ready to appear, forced him against his Will to depart.

The next Day the *Duenna*, believing her Honour, or rather her Interest, engaged not to abandon her Enterprize, said to *Don Lewis's* Daughter; *Leonora*, I don't know what to say farther to you; I find you oppose the Count's Passion, as tho' it had no other Aim but that of a bare Gallantry: Have you not observ'd something in his Person that disgusts you? No, good *Marcella*, answered *Leonora*; on the contrary, he never appear'd so amiable, and his Discourse discovered new Charms to me. If so, replied the Governante, I don't comprehend you:
You

You are prepossessed with a violent Inclination for him, and yet refuse to yield to a thing, the Necessity of which has already been represented to you.

My good Madam, reply'd *Don Lewis's* Daughter, you have more Prudence and Experience than I; but have you consider'd thoroughly the Consequences which may result from a Marriage contracted without my Father's Knowledge? Yes, yes, answered the *Duenna*, I have made all necessary Reflection on that, and am very sorry to see you so obstinately resist the glorious Settlement which Fortune presents you. Have a Care your Obduracy does not weary and disgust your Lover, and be afraid lest he should cast his Eyes on the Interest of his Fortune, which the Violence of his Passion has made him neglect. Since he offers to give you his Faith, accept it without farther Deliberation. His Word binds him; than which nothing is more sacred to a Man of Honour. Besides,
I

I am a Witness that he acknowledges you for his Wife. Don't you know that such important Evidence as mine is sufficient to condemn, in a Court of Justice, that Lover which should dare to perjure himself?

It was by such Language as this that the perfidious *Marcella* shocked *Leonora*, who suffering all Reflections of the Danger that threatned her to wear off, in all Simplicity a few Days after abandoned herself to the Count's wicked Intentions. The *Duenna* introduced him every Night by the Balcony into his Mistress's Apartment, and let him out before Day.

One Night having warned him to depart somewhat later than ordinary, and *Aurora* beginning to break through the Darkeness, he hastily endeavour'd to slide into the Street, but by Mischance succeeded so ill that he got a very severe Fall.

Don Lewis de Cespides, whose Bed-Chamber was under that of his Daughter,

Daughter, happening that Morning to rise very early for the Dispatch of some pressing Affairs, heard the Count's Fall, and opening his Window to see what was the Occasion of the Noise, perceived a Man just risen from the Ground with great Difficulty, and *Marcella* in his Daughter's Balcony busy in drawing up the silken Ladder, which the Count had not made so good use of in his descending as in his Ascent. *Don Lewis* rubb'd his Eyes, and at first took this Spectacle for an Illusion; but after having considered it, concluded that nothing was more real, and that the Day-light, imperfect as it yet was, did but too much discover his Disgrace.

Confused at the fatal Sight, and transported by a just Rage, he flew in his Night-gown to *Leonora's* Apartment, with a Sword in one Hand, and a Taper in the other. He went in quest of her and her Governante, in order to sacrifice them both to his Resentment. He knock'd
at

at their Chamber-Door, and commanded them to open it; they knew his Voice, and trembling obeyed. He enter'd with a furious Air, and discovering his naked Sword to their amazed Eyes; I come, said he, to wash away with her Blood the infamous Affront that Wretch has thrown upon her Father, and at the same time punish the villainous Governante that has betray'd the Trust I repos'd in her.

They both fell upon their Knees, and the *Duenna* began; Signior, said she, before we receive the Chastisement which you have prepar'd, vouchsafe to hear us one moment. Well, Wretch, replied the old Gentleman, I consent to suspend my Vengeance for a minute: Speak, inform me of all the Circumstances of my Misfortunes. But what do I talk of all the Circumstances? I know them all but one, and that is the Name of that rash Man, who has dishonour'd my Family. Signior, replied Madam *Marcella*, the Count

de

de Belflor is the Gentleman that hath done it. The Count *de Belflor* ! said *Don Lewis* ; where has he seen my Daughter ? by what means has he seduced her ? conceal nothing from me. Signior, replied the Governante, I will repeat the whole Story to you with all the Sincerity I am capable of. She then, with an infinite deal of Art, recited all the Expressions which she had made *Leonora* believe the Count had utter'd with regard to her : She painted him in the most lively Colours of a tender, scrupulous, and sincere Lover. But not being able to elude the Discovery of the whole Truth, she was oblig'd to tell it ; but enlarg'd on the Reasons that prevailed with them to conceal from him the secret Marriage, and gave them such an acceptable Turn, as appeas'd *Don Lewis's* Rage. Which she perfectly discerning, in order to compleatly soften the old Man ; Signior, said she, this is what you desired to know : Punish us this minute ; plunge your
Sword

Sword in *Leonora's* Breast. But what do I say? *Leonora* is innocent; she has only followed the Counsel of a Woman whom you intrusted with her Conduct, wherefore 'tis me alone against whom your Sword should point. 'Tis I that have introduced the Count into your Daughter's Apartment, and I alone have ty'd the Knot wherewith she is bound. 'Tis I who have wink'd at all Irregularities in a Contract that was not back'd by your Authority, in order to secure you a Son-in-Law whose Interest you know is the Channel thro' which all Court Favours at present pass. I had no other Aim than *Leonora's* Happiness, and the Advantage your Family may reap by such an important Alliance; and indeed nothing less than an Excess of Zeal to serve your House could draw me into measures, that carry with them such an Appearance of Treachery.

While the subtle *Marcella* was thus cajoling the old Gentleman, her Mistress

strefs spared no Tears, but discover'd such a sensible Grief as he could not resist. He grew tender, his Rage turned into Compassion, he dropt his Sword, and quitting the Air of an angry Father; Ah my Daughter! said he with Tears in his Eyes, what a fatal Passion is Love! Alas, you are not sensible of all the Reasons you have to afflict yourself. The Shame alone that must result from the Presence of a Father who has surpriz'd you, must unavoidably draw Tears from you; besides which, you don't yet foresee all the Anxieties your Lover may perhaps prepare for you. And you imprudent *Marcella*, to what a Precipice has your indiscreet Zeal for my Family brought you? I acknowledge that such a considerable Alliance as that of the Count might dazle your Eyes, and it is that alone which excuses you to me: But, Wretch that you are, ought you not to have distrusted a Lover of his high Quality? The more Interest and Favour he can pretend to, the

more you ought to have guarded yourself against him. Should he make no Scruple of breaking his Faith with *Leonora*, what Course can I take? If I implore the Assistance of the Laws, a Person of his Character would easily be able to shelter himself from their Severity: And I wish that, continuing just to his Oaths, he prove willing to keep his Word with my Daughter; for if the King, as you say, designs to oblige him to marry another Lady, 'tis much to be fear'd his Majesty will force him to it by Vertue of his Prerogative. O Sir, interrupted *Leonora*, that ought not to alarm you; the Count has very well assur'd us, that the King will not commit such a violence on his Passion. I am perswaded, said *Marcella*, his Majesty is too fond of his Favourite to exercise such a Tyranny over him, and also that he is too generous to plunge into a fatal Grief *Don Lewis de Cespides*, who has spent all his best Days in the Service of the Publick.

Pray

Pray Heav'n it prove so, replied the old Gentleman sighing, and that my Fears prove vain! I will go to the Count, and desire him to explain this Affair. A Father's Eyes are piercing, and I shall discover the deepest Recesses of his Soul. If I find him in the Disposition which I wish, I will pardon what is past, but, adds he in a more resolute Tone, if by his Discourse I discover a perfidious Heart, you shall both with Tears bewail your Imprudence in a melancholy Retirement the Remainder of your Days. At these Words he put up his Sword, and leaving them to the frightful Thoughts he had raised in them, returned to his Apartment to dress.

In this Part of the Story *Asmodea* was thus interrupted by the Scholar: However affecting the Story you are telling me may be, something I have my Eyes upon, prevents my hearing you so attentively as I could wish. I see a very genteel Woman between a young and an old Man, they

are all three I suppose drinking exquisite Liquors, and whilst the fond Dotard is embracing her, the Baggage slips her Hand behind him, into that of a young Cavalier, who to be sure is the Spark. Quite the contrary, answer'd the Cripple, it is Her Husband, and the other her Lover. The old Man is a Person of consequence, a Commander of the Military Order of *Calatrava*, and is ruining himself for that Lady, whose Husband has a small Post at Court; she caresses her old Lover for Interest, and is false to him, in favour of her Husband, by Inclination. It is a fine Picture, replied *Zambullo*: But is not the Husband a *Frenchman*? No, answer'd the Devil, he is a *Spaniard*. Oh then, the good City of *Madrid* has within its Walls good-natur'd Husbands too? But they do not swarm here, as they do at *Paris*, which without dispute is the most fruitful City in the World in such Inhabitants. Pardon me, Signior *Asmodeo*, said *Don Cleofas*,

fas, for breaking in upon the thread of *Leonora's* Story. Go on with it, I beg you, for it pleases me infinitely: There is such an artful Variety in the seducing this young Lady that I am transported with it.



CHAP. V.

The Continuation and Conclusion of the History of the Count and Leonora.

DON *Lewis* went early to the Count, who not suspecting he was discover'd, was surpriz'd with this Visit. He stept forward to meet him at his Entrance; and after having stifled him with Embraces, How great is my Joy, said he, to see *Don Lewis* here? doth he come to offer me an Opportunity of serving him? My Lord, answered *Don Lewis*, order, if you please, that we be alone.

Belflor accordingly did so, and they both sat down, when the old Man

thus began : My Lord, said he, my Honour and Repose require an Explanation, which I come to ask of you : I saw you this Morning go out of *Leonora's* Apartment ; she has confess'd all, she has told me—She has told you that I love her, interrupted the Count, to avoid a Discourse which he was not fond of hearing : But she has but feebly expressed all that I feel for her. I am enchanted ; she is a Lady all over adorable, she has Wit, Beauty, Virtue ; no Perfection is wanting. I have been told that you have a Son at the University of *Alcala* ; is he like his Sister ? If he hath her Beauty, and resemble you in other Excellencies, he must be a compleat Gentleman. I die with Desire to see him, and offer you all my Interest to serve him.

I am indebted to you for that Offer, said *Don Lewis* gravely ; but to come to—He ought to be enter'd in the Service immediately, interrupted the Count again ; I charge my
self

self with the Care of his Fortune ; I assure you he shall not wait amongst the Crowd of Officers. Answer me, Count, replied the old Gentleman hastily, and leave off your Interruption. Do you design to keep your Promise——Yes, without doubt, interrupted *Belflor* the third time ; I will keep my Word which I have given you to stand by your Son with all my Interest ; depend upon me, I am a sincere Man. 'Tis too much, cry'd *Cespidès*, rising up, after having seduced my Daughter, that you dare insult me ; but know, I am a Gentleman, and the Injury you have done me shall not remain unpunished. At these Words he returned home with a Heart full of Resentment, contriving a hundred Projects to compass his Revenge. As soon as he was got home, he told *Leonora* and *Marcella* very angrily, It was not without ground that I suspected the Count ; he is a Traitor, on whom I will be revenged : And as for you two, you shall to-morrow be enter-

ed in a Convent ; you have nothing to do but prepare your selves, and thank Heaven my Rage contents itself with that Chastisement. He then went and locked himself up in his Closet, to deliberate what Course to take in such a nice Conjuncture.

How great was *Leonora's* Grief when she heard *Belflor* was perfidious ! She remain'd some time without Motion ; a mortal Paleness covered her Face, her Spirits fled, and she fled motionless into the Arms of her Governante ; who fearing she would then die, used all her Endeavours to get her out of this Fit : They succeeded, and *Leonora* reassuming the Use of her Senses, and seeing her Governante very officiously helping her, How barbarous are you ! said she with a deep Sigh ; why did you force me out of the happy State in which I was ? I was not then sensible of the Horror of my Fate. Why did you not let me die ? You, who well know all the tormenting Grievs which must disturb the Repose of my

my Life, wherefore did you keep me alive?

Marcella endeavour'd to comfort her; but that only encreased her Torment. All your Talk is superfluous, cried *Don Lewis's* Daughter; I will hear nothing. Don't lose your time in attempting to abate my Despair, you ought rather to raise it. You, who have plunged me into the Abyss of Misery in which I now am: 'Tis you who vouch'd for the Count's Sincerity; without you I had never yielded myself to my Inclinations for him, which I should insensibly have conquered, or however at least he would never have been able to have gain'd the least Advantage over me. But I will not, continued she, charge my Misery on you, I accuse no body but myself. I ought not to have followed your Advice in the Acceptation of a Man's Faith, without consulting my Father. How dazzling soever the Count's Address might appear to me, I ought to have despised rather

ther than complimented it at the Expence of my Honour: In short, I ought to have distrusted him, you, and myself. Since I have been so weak as to yield to his perfidious Oaths, after the Affliction which I have brought upon *Don Lewis*, and the Dishonour I have done my Family, I hate myself; and am so far from fearing the Retirement with which I am threatned, that I am fond of hiding my Shame in the most dismal Retreat in the World.

These passionate Words were not only accompany'd with abundance of Tears, but she withal tore her Cloaths in Pieces, and revenged the Injustice of her Lover on her beautiful Hair. The *Duenna*, to suit herself to her Mistress's Grief, did not spare for Grimaces and distorted Faces. She dropp'd some of those Tears she had always at command; she imprecated a thousand Curses on Mankind in general, and the Count in particular. Is it possible, exclaimed she, that *Belflor*, who seem'd so full

full of Justice and Probity, should prove such a Villain as to deceive us both ! I cannot extricate myself out of this Surprize, or rather, I cannot yet persuade myself that it is so.

Really, said *Leonora*, when I fancy him at my Knees, what Maiden would not have trusted his tender engaging Air, and depended on those Oaths which he so audaciously invoc'd Heaven to witness, and those Transports which he incessantly repeated ? Besides, his Eyes discover'd more Love than his Mouth express'd, and the very Sight of me seem'd to charm him. No, he did not deceive me ; I can't think it. My Father must not have talk'd with him so discreetly as he ought ; they both grew warm, and the Count answer'd less like a Lover than a great Lord. But alas perhaps I flatter myself ! What shall I do to extricate myself out of this Uncertainty ? I will write to *Belflor*, and tell him that I expect him here this Night : I am resolv'd he shall either secure my alarm'd Heart or confirm his Treachery.

Mara.

Marcella applauded the Design, and was not herself without hope that the Count, ambitious as he was, yet touched by *Leonora's* Tears, might fall from his Resolution in this Interview, and determine to marry her.

In the mean while, *Belflor* having rid himself of honest *Don Lewis*, continued in his Apartment, reflecting on the Consequences which might result from the Reception he had just given him. He firmly concluded that the whole Family of the *Cespi-des*, enraged at the Injury done to their House, would study Revenge; but that did not much disturb him: The Interest of his Love much more employ'd his Thoughts. He imagined that *Leonora* would be put into a Convent, or at least that she would be kept so strictly watched, that in all Probability he should never see her more. This Thought afflicted him, and he was contriving how to escape this Misfortune, when his *Valet de Chambre* brought him

him a Letter which *Marcella* had just put into his Hands. It was a Billet from *Leonora*, the Contents whereof run thus:

I AM to-morrow to quit the World, and in a solitary Retirement have the Horror of seeing myself dishonoured, odious to my Family and myself; this is the deplorable Condition to which I am reduced by believing you. I expect you once more this Night. In my Despair I hunt after new Torments: Come and own to me that your Heart had no part in any of the Oaths which your Lips swore to me, or justify their Sincerity by a Conduct which alone can soften the Rigour of my Fate. Perhaps this Meeting may be attended with some Danger, after what has passed betwixt you and my Father; take care therefore that you be accompanied by a Friend. Though you have occasioned all the Miseries of my Life, I yet feel myself concerned for yours.

LEONORA.

The

The Count read this Letter twice or thrice over, and representing *Leonora* in the Condition which she describ'd, he melted into Compassion. He seriously reflected on what he had done ; Justice, Probity and Honour, all the Laws of which his Passion had hurried him on to the Violation of, began to resume their Empire over him. He suddenly found his Blindness dissipated, and like a Man just got out of a violent Fever, blush'd at the extravagant Words and Actions which had escap'd him ; he was asham'd of all the base Artifices he had us'd to satisfy his Desires.

Wretch that I am, cry'd he, what have I done ? What Devil possess'd me ? I promis'd to marry *Leonora* ; I call'd Heaven to witness it ; I feign'd that the King propos'd a Match to me : I have made use of Lies, Perfidiousness and Sacrilege to corrupt her Innocence ; what Madness has seiz'd me ? How much better had it become me to have suppress'd.

press'd my Passion, instead of satisfying it in so criminal a manner? I have seduced an innocent Lady, and now abandon her to the Resentments of her Relations, whom I have equally dishonour'd, and so return the Happiness she has conferr'd on me with a Load of Miseries. Ah, how barbarous is such Ingratitude! Ought I not rather to repair the Disgrace and Infamy I have done her? Yes, I ought; and I will, by marrying her, discharge the Promise I made her. Who is there can oppose so just an Intention? Ought her Tenderness to me to prejudice me against her Virtue? No: I know how much her Resistance cost me to conquer it; and she rather yielded to my sworn Faith, than my amorous Transports.——But on the other side, if I confine my self to this Choice I shall be a considerable Sufferer. I, who may pretend to the noblest and richest Heiresses in the Kingdom, shall I content my self with a private Gentleman's Daugh-

Daughter of a moderate Fortune? What will the Court think of me? They will say I have marry'd very ridiculouſly.

Belflor, thus divided betwixt Love and Ambition, did not know to which to incline: But tho' he was not yet reſolv'd whether he ſhould marry *Leonora* or not, he yet determin'd to go to her that Evening.

Don Lewis, on the other ſide, paſſ'd the Day in contriving the Reſtoration of his Honour. The Conjuncture was very nice; to have Recourſe to the Laws was to publiſh his Diſhonour; beſides, he very much fear'd that Juſtice might be on one ſide, and the Judges declare on the other. He durſt not throw himſelf at the King's Feet; for believing that Prince deſign'd to marry the Count, he was afraid it would be in vain. No Satisfaction was then left beſides that of Arms, and it was this he concluded on.

In the Heat of his Reſentment he was tempted to ſend a Challenge; but

but beginning to consider that he was too old and feeble to rely on his own Arm, he chose rather to put it into the Hands of his Son, whose Pushes might prove more fortunate and successful. He then sent a Footman to *Alcala*, with a Letter for his Son; by which he commanded him to come immediately to *Madrid*, to revenge an Injury done to the Family of *Cespides*.

Don Pedro, his Son, is eighteen Years of Age, perfectly handsome, and so brave, that he passes at *Alcala* for the most valiant of all the Scholars in that University; but you know him, adds the Devil, and therefore 'tis needless in me to enlarge farther on his Character. It is true, said *Cleofas*, he has all the Valour and Merit which is possible to centre in a young Man.

He was not then at *Alcala*, as his Father suppos'd, reply'd *Asmodeo*; but the Desire of seeing a Lady which he lov'd had brought him to *Madrid*. The last time he had

had been there to see his Relations, he made this Conquest at the *Prado*. He did not yet know her Name; for she had oblig'd him not to use any means to inform himself; to which cruel Necessity he submitted, tho' with great Difficulty. It was a Woman of Quality, who had conceiv'd a Passion for him, and believing she ought to distrust the Discretion and Constancy of a Scholar, she thought fit to try him before she discover'd herself.

This unknown Fair took up more of his Thoughts than *Aristotle's* Philosophy; and *Alcala* being situate so near this City, he, as you have done, often play'd Truant; with this only Difference, that it was for the sake of an Object which deserv'd much better than your *Donna Thomasa*. To conceal the Knowledge of his amorous Journey from *Don Lewis*, his Father, he us'd to lodge at an Inn in the Suburbs, where he carefully shelter'd himself under a borrow'd Name. He never went out but at

a certain Hour in the Morning, when he was oblig'd to go to a House where the Lady, which occasion'd this Neglect of his Studies, was so kind as to come, accompany'd by a Chamber-maid. He then liv'd lock'd up in his Inn the rest of the Day; but in requital, at Night he walk'd all over the City.

It happen'd one Night as he cross'd a By-Street, he heard the Sound of several Voices, and Instruments which seem'd worth his Attention; whereupon he stopp'd, and found it to be a Serenade given by a Gentleman that was drunk, and naturally very brutishly rude. He had no sooner discern'd our Scholar, but he immediately ran to him, and without any other Compliment; Friend, said he, in a hasty Tone, go about your Business, I don't love inquisitive People. I might have withdrawn, answer'd *Don Pedro* shock'd at these Words, if you had desir'd me in a civiller manner; but I will stay to teach you better Language.
We'll

We'll see then, said the Master of the Consort, drawing his Sword, which of us two shall yield the Place to the other.

Don Pedro also pull'd out his Sword, and they began to engage. Tho' the Master of the Serenade acquitted himself with great Dexterity, he could not yet parry a mortal Thrust, upon the Receipt of which he fell dead on the Spot. All the Actors of the Consort, who had by this time quitted their Musick, and were drawing their Swords to assist him, now came on to revenge his Death. They all at once fell upon *Don Pedro*, who on this occasion shew'd his utmost Skill; for besides parrying with a surprising dexterity all the Passes made at him, he himself made very vigorous ones, and at once kept all his Enemies employ'd.

But they so obstinately persisting, and their Number being too great, as able a Fencer as he was, he could not have escap'd alive, if the Count

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de Belflor, who then pass'd by, had not taken his Part. The Count wanting neither Courage nor a large share of Generosity, could not see so many Swords drawn upon one Man, without engaging himself on his side. He drew, and joining with *Don Pedro*, he push'd so briskly at the Serenaders, that they all fled, some wounded, and others for fear of being so.

After their Retreat, the Scholar began to thank the Count for his Assistance; but *Belflor* interrupting him: No more of that, said he, are you not wounded? No, reply'd *Don Pedro*. Let's get from this Place, reply'd the Count, I see you have kill'd a Man; 'tis dangerous to stay longer in this Street; you may perhaps be seiz'd. Upon which they immediately making the best of their Way, got into another Street; and when they were advanced a good distance from the Place where they fought, they stopped.

Don

Don Pedro, very sensibly influenced by just and grateful Sentiments, entreated the Count not to conceal from him the Name of a Gentleman to whom he was so much oblig'd. *Belflar* made no scruple of telling it, and also desir'd to know his. But the Scholar, unwilling to discover himself, said his Name was *Don Juan de Matos*, and assured the Count that he would never forget what he had done for him.

I would willingly, said the Count, present you with an Opportunity of discharging your Obligation to me this very Night. I am engaged to a Meeting not wholly free from Danger, and was going in search of a Friend to accompany me. I am sensible of your Valour, and therefore *Don Juan*, I desire your Friendship. Your seeming to doubt it renders me somewhat uneasy, reply'd the Scholar; I don't know how to employ the Life which you have saved, better than in exposing it for you. Let's make haste; I am
ready

ready to follow you. *Belflor* then conducted *Don Pedro* to *Don Lewis's* House, and by the Balcony they both enter'd *Leonora's* Apartment.

Don Cleofas interrupted the Devil here; *Signior Asmodeo*, said he, how was it possible *Don Pedro* should not know his Father's House? That was impossible, reply'd the *Dæmon*, for *Don Lewis* had not remov'd to this House above eight Days; which I design'd to have told you, had not you interrupted me. You are too hasty, and have gotten an ill Custom of breaking the Thread of other People's Discourse. Pray correct that Fault for the future.

Don Pedro, continu'd the Devil, did not so much as suspect that he was at his Father's House, nor thought she who introduced him was *Madam Marcella*, by reason she receiv'd him in the Dark in an Anti-Chamber; where *Belflor* entreated his Companion to stay as long as he should remain with the Lady: To which the Scholar consented, and

and sat down with his naked Sword in his Hand for fear of a Surprise. His Thoughts were taken up with the Favours which he concluded Love was showering on *Belflor*, and wish'd himself as happy as he; for tho' he was not ill-treated by his unknown Mistress, she had not yet all the Tenderness for him which *Leonora* had for the Count.

Whilst he was making all the Reflections on this Adventure that could possibly occur to the Mind of a passionate Lover, he heard a Person softly endeavouring to open another Door besides that of the Lovers, and discern'd a glimmering Light through the Key-hole. He hastily arose, made towards the Door that open'd, and presented the Point of his naked Sword to the Breast of his Father, for it was he who was going to *Leonora's* Apartment, to see whether the Count was not there. The good old Gentleman did not believe, after what had pass'd, that his Daughter and *Marcella* would
again

again venture to admit him, which alone prevented his lodging them in another Apartment. But yet he was apt to think, that before their Entrance in the Convent on the Morrow, they might be willing to take their last Leave.

Whoever thou art, said the Scholar, don't enter this Room, on Peril of thy Life. At these Words *Don Lewis* look'd at *Don Pedro*, whose Eyes were fix'd on him with equal Attention; so that they soon knew each other. Ah my Son, said the old Gentleman, with what Impatience have I expected you! why did not you advertise me of your Arrival? Were you afraid of breaking my Rest? Alas! I am incapable of any Repose in the miserable Condition in which I at present am. Oh my Father, said *Don Pedro* all in Confusion, is it you that I see? are not my Eyes deceiv'd by a false Likeness? Whence proceeds this Surprize? reply'd *Don Lewis*: Are you not at your Father's House?

Did I not acquaint you by my Letter, that eight Days since I remov'd hither? Just Heav'n, reply'd the Scholar, what do I hear? I am then at present in my Sister's Apartment.

At these Words, the Count, who had heard the Noise, and suppos'd that his Guard was attack'd, came out of *Leonora's* Chamber with his Sword in his Hand. The old Gentleman, distracted at this sight, and shewing him to his Son, cryed out, That is the audacious Villain who has robbed me of my Rest, and cast a fatal Stain upon the Honour of our House; let us then revenge ourselves, let us instantly punish the Traitor. These Words were no sooner out of his Mouth than he drew the Sword he had under his Night-gown, and began to attack the Count; but *Don Pedro* restrain'd him. Stay, Father, said he, I beg you to moderate the Transports of your Rage. What do you mean, my Son? answer'd the old Man: Why do you hold my Arm? You doubtless

doubtless think 'tis too weak to revenge us. Well then, take Satisfaction your self for the Affront given to our Family, which is the only Reason why I sent for you to *Madrid*. If you fall, I will second you: The Count must perish by our Hands, or take away both our Lives, after having robb'd us of our Honour.

Father, reply'd *Don Pedro*, I cannot yield to what your Impatience expects of me. I am so very far from attempting the Count's Life, that I came hither to defend it; my Word is pass'd for it, and my Honour demands it. Let's then retire, my Lord, continued he, addressing himself to *Belflor*. Hah! base Wretch, interrupted *Don Lewis*, looking on *Don Pedro* with a very angry Air, dost thou thy self oppose the Execution of a Vengeance wherein all thy Force ought to have been employ'd? My Son, my own Son, corresponds with the perfidious Wretch that has seduced my Daughter: But don't think

to escape my Resentment ; I will call up all my Domesticks, who shall revenge me of his Treachery and your Cowardice.

Sir, reply'd *Don Pedro*, be juster to your Son, and don't call him Coward, for he never deserv'd that hateful Name. The Count has sav'd my Life this Night. He propos'd my going with him, whither I did not know, but on a certain Appointment: I offer'd to share the Dangers he might encounter, without ever suspecting that my Gratitude would imprudently engage my Arm against the Honour of my Family. My Word then obliges me to defend his Life here; and in so doing I shall discharge it: Not that I am less sensibly touch'd with the Injury he has done our Family; and to-morrow you shall see me as eager to shed his Blood, as you now see me zealous in the Preservation of his Life.

The Count who had hitherto remain'd silent, being thoroughly struck with the amazing Circumstances

cumstances of this Adventure, now spoke. Perhaps, said he, addressing himself to *Don Pedro*, you may meet with but indifferent Success, in revenging this Injury by force of Arms: I will offer you a surer way of re-establishing your Honour. I freely own to you, that to this day I never design'd to marry *Leonora*; but I this Morning receiv'd a Letter from her, wherewith I was sensibly touch'd; her Tears have just compleated the Work, and the Happiness of being her Husband is at present the utmost of my Desires. If the King designs you another Wife, said *Don Lewis*, how will you dispense with—— The King never propos'd any Match to me, interrpted *Belflor* blushing: Pray pardon that Fiction in a Man, whose Reason was overpower'd by Love. 'Tis a Crime which the Violence of my Passion hurry'd me on to commit, and which I expiate by confessing it.

My Lord, reply'd the old Gentleman, after an Acknowledgment so suitable to a great Mind, I no longer doubt your Sincerity : I see you are resolv'd effectually to repair the Injury we have received, and my Anger yields to the Assurances you have given me ; permit me then to forget my Resentment in your Arms. At these Words he ran to the Count, who flew to prevent him : They mutually embraced several times ; and *Belflor* turning himself to *Don Pedro*, And you, the counterfeit *Don Juan*, said he, you who have gain'd my Esteem by an unparallel'd Valour and a noble Mind, allow me to vow a sincere fraternal Friendship to you. At these Words he embraced *Don Pedro*, who receiving his Caresses with a submissive and respectful Air, thus answer'd him : My Lord, in promising me such a valuable Friendship, you engage mine, and I entreat that you would always conclude me one who will continue devoted to you to the end of my Life.

In

In the mean while *Leonora*, who was listening all the time at the Chamber-door, did not lose one Word of all they said. She was at first tempted to throw herself in the middle of the Swords, without knowing why; but *Marcella* prevented her: And when that dextrous *Duenna* perceived all things likely to end so amicably, she concluded that her Presence and that of her Mistress would not prejudice the Accommodation: whereupon they both appeared with their Handkerchiefs in their Hands, and weeping ran to prostrate themselves at *Don Lewis's* Feet. They fear'd, and not without Reason, after their being surprized last Night, that the old Gentleman's Anger might return: But raising *Leonora*, he said, Daughter, dry up your Tears, I will not blame you any more; since your Lover is resolv'd to keep the Faith which he has sworn to you, I yield to forget what is past.

Yes, *Don Lewis*, said the Count, I will marry *Leonora*; and yet more
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effectually

effectually to repair the Injury I have done you, to give you an entire Satisfaction, and your Son a Pledge of my Friendship for him, I offer him my Sister *Eugenia*. Ah, my Lord, cried *Don Lewis* in a Rapture, how sensible am I of the Honour you do my Son? What Father was ever happier? You now shower as much Joy on me, as before you loaded me with Sorrow.

Tho' the old Man was charmed with the Count's Offer, yet *Don Pedro* was not: Being wholly taken up with the Thought of his unknown Lady, he was so disturbed and confused that he could not say one Word. But *Belflor*, without regarding his Trouble, departed; telling them he would order all the necessary Preparations to be made for this double Union, and assuring them that he was impatient till he was fixed to them by those strict Bonds.

After his Departure *Don Lewis* left *Leonora* in her Apartment, and went into his own with *Don Pedro*, who
with

with all the Frankness of a young Scholar said, Sir, I beg you would dispense with my marrying the Count's Sister : 'Tis enough that he marry *Leonora* ; that will be sufficient to retrieve the Honour of our Family. What, Son ! replied the old Man ; can you refuse the Count's Sister ? Yes, Father, replied *Don Pedro* ; that Union, I own, would prove a cruel Torment to me, the Cause of which I will not conceal. It is now six Months since I love, or rather adore a charming Lady ; she admits me, and she alone can render my Life happy.

How miserable is the State of a Father ! said *Don Lewis* ; he scarce ever finds his Children disposed to what he desires. But who then is this Lady that has made such violent Impressions on you ? I don't yet know, answered *Don Pedro* ; she has promis'd to inform me, when she shall be fully satisfy'd of my Discretion and Constancy, nor do I

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doubt but she is one of the most considerable Families in *Spain*.

And do you fancy, replied the old Man, changing his Tone, that I will be so complaisant as to approve your Romantick Love? I shall suffer you to quit the most glorious Establishment that Fortune can ever offer you, to keep you constant to a Person of whom you don't know so much as the Name! Stifle rather these Sentiments for an Object, which perhaps may be unworthy of them, and think of nothing but deserving the Honour which the Count is doing you. All these Discourses are in vain, Father, replied the Scholar; I feel it impossible for me ever to forget my unknown Fair; nothing can disengage me from her: Should the *Infanta* be offer'd me—Hold, cried the Father hastily; 'tis too insolent to boast a Constancy which raises my Anger. Be gone, and never let me see you again, 'till you are resolved to obey me.

Don

Don Pedro durst not reply to these Words, for fear of drawing on something more severe. He retired to his Chamber, where he passed the rest of the Night in Reflections equally melancholy and agreeable. He considered with Grief that he was going to break with all his Family, by refusing to marry the Count's Sister. But he was perfectly comforted when he represented to himself how his unknown Lady must value him for such a Sacrifice. He flattered himself, that after such a shining Proof of his Fidelity, she would not fail to discover her Quality, which he imagined little inferior to that of *Eugenia*.

With these Hopes, as soon as it was Day, he went to take a Walk in the *Prado*, expecting the appointed Hour to go to the Apartment of *Donna Juana*; for that was the Name of the Lady in whose Lodgings he used to meet his Mistress every Morning. He waited the happy Moment with great Impati-

Impatience, and when it was come, flew to the Place of Rendezvous.

He found his unknown Charmer already come thither sooner than ordinary; but touched with such a sensible Grief, as express'd itself to *Donna Juana* in showers of Tears. A dismal Spectacle for her Lover! All in Confusion he approached her, and flinging himself at her Knees: Madam, said he, what must I think of the Condition in which I see you? Doubtless, answered she, you don't expect the fatal Blow which I bring you. Cruel Fortune is separating us for ever, and we are never to see each other more.

She accompanied these Words with so many Sighs, that I don't know whether *Don Pedro* was more touched with what she said, or the Grief she discovered in the Utterance of it. Just Heaven, cried he, with an Excess of Rage which he could not restrain, is it possible for you to suffer the breaking of an Union, the Innocence of which you know! But
Madam,

Madam, adds he, perhaps you have taken a false Alarm. Is it certainly true that you will be torn from the most faithful Lover that ever was? Must I really be the most miserable of all Men? Our ill Fate is but too sure, answered the unknown Fair. My Brother, on whom I depend, will marry me this Day, as he has just this Minute declared to me. Ah! who is that happy Bridegroom? very hastily replied *Don Pedro*, name him to me, Madam: I will, in my Despair—I don't yet know his Name, interrupted the Lady; my Brother would not acquaint me with it. He told me that he desir'd I should first see the Gentleman.

But Madam, said *Don Pedro*, will you submit to a Brother's Will without Resistance! Will you suffer yourself to be dragged to the Altar, without complaining of the Cruelty of the Sacrifice? Will you make no Attempts in my Favour? Alas, I was not afraid of exposing myself to my Father's Rage, to reserve myself entirely

tiely yours! His Threats could not shock my Fidelity; and with what Rigour soever he may treat me, I will not marry the Lady he proposes, tho' the Match is very advantageous. And who is this Lady? said the unknown Beauty. 'Tis the Count *de Belflor*'s Sister, replied the Scholar. Ah, *Don Pedro*, replied she, discovering an extreme Surprise, you doubtless mistake; you are not sure of what you say! Is it really *Eugenia de Belflor* who is propos'd to you?

Yes, Madam, replied *Don Pedro*, the Count himself made me the Offer. How, cryed she, is it possible that you should be the Cavalier for whom my Brother designs me? What do I hear, cryed *Don Pedro* in his turn, is my unknown Angel then *Eugenia de Belflor*? Yes, *Don Pedro*, replied she, but I scarce believe myself this Moment to be any longer so; so hard is it for me to persuade myself of the Reality of the Happiness of which you assure me.

At

At these Words *Don Pedro* embraced her Knees, seized one of her Hands with all the Raptures that a Lover suddenly removed from the Extremities of Pain to an Excess of Joy could possibly feel. Whilst he thus abandoned himself to the Motions of his Love, *Eugenia* on her part gave him a thousand Proofs of her Affection, which she accompanied with tender engaging Expressions: What wracking Pains, said she, would my Brother have spared me, had he but named the Husband he designed me? what an Aversion had I already conceived for my Spouse? Ah, my dear *Don Pedro*, how much did I hate you? Bright *Eugenia*, answered he, how charming is that Hatred to me? I will deserve it by adoring you all my Life.

After these two Lovers had given each other all the most moving Signs of their mutual Tenderness, *Eugenia* desired to know how the Scholar could gain her Brother's Friendship. *Don Pedro* did not conceal from her the Amours of
the

the Count and his Sister, but related to her all that passed the last Night. She was infinitely pleased to hear that her Brother was to marry her Lover's Sister ; and *Donna Juana* had too great a share in her Friend's Fate, not to be touched with this happy Event. She testified her Joy to her as well as to *Don Pedro*, who at last left *Eugenia*, after their having mutually resolved not to seem to know one another when they appear'd before the Count.

Don Pedro return'd to his Father, who finding him perfectly dispos'd to Obedience, was the better pleased, because he ascribed it to his absolute manner of deporting himself towards his Son the last Night. They were expecting News from the Count the very Minute they received a Letter from him, which advised them that he had just obtained the King's Consent to his Marriage, and that of his Sister, with the Addition of a considerable Post for *Don Pedro* ; that on the Morrow both

both Nuptials might be celebrated, his Orders having been so diligently executed, that all the Preparations were already far advanced. He came in the Afternoon to confirm what he had written, and to present *Eugenia* to 'em.

Don Lewis shewed that Lady all imaginable Civilities, and *Leonora* did not neglect tenderly embracing her. As for *Don Pedro*, by whatsoever Motions of Love and Joy agitated, he yet sufficiently restrained himself, to avoid the Count's having any Suspicion of their former Correspondence.

Belflor particularly applying himself to observe his Sister, thought he discovered, notwithstanding the Constraint she imposed on herself, that she did not dislike *Don Pedro*. But the better to assure himself of the Truth of his Conjecture, he took her aside for a moment, and made her own that she was extremely well pleased with her Cavalier. He then told her his Name and Family, which he before concealed, lest the Inequality of their Conditions should have prejudiced

diced her against him ; all this she pretended to hear, as tho' utterly ignorant of it before.

At last, after the Exchange of a multitude of Civilities on both sides, it was resolved that the Wedding should be kept at *Don Lewis's House* ; and the Nuptial Festivities are this Night acting, but not finished ; and that is the Reason of the so great Rejoyeing in that House, in which all the Company unanimously joins, except *Marcella*, who has no share in it. She cries whilst the rest laugh ; for the Count *de Belflor*, after his Marriage, confess'd the whole Story to *Don Lewis*, who has order'd her to be sent to the * *Monasterio de los Arrepentidas*, where the thousand Pistoles which she received to betray *Leonora* will serve her to do Penance the Remainder of her Life.

* *A Monastery in which lewd Women are shut up.*

CHAP.



C H A P. VI.

Other Particulars which the Scholar saw, and the Manner of his being revenged on Donna Thomasa.

LET us turn to the other side, continued *Asmodeo*, and run over some new Objects. Cast your Eyes on the first House directly under us, where you will see something extraordinary. - It is a Man considerably in Debt in a profound Sleep. He must then be some great Lord, said *Leandro*. You have guess'd right, answer'd the *Dæmon*. It is a Marquis who has a hundred thousand Ducats a year, and yet his Expences exceed his Income. His Table and his Mistresses run him over head and ears in Debt, and yet it does not break his Rest. On the contrary, when he has a mind to run in a Tradesman's Debt, he fancies

cies that he is obliging him extremely: It is with you, said he the other day to a Draper, it is with you I intend to deal upon Credit, and I give you the Preference.

Whilst the Marquis is enjoying the Sweets of Repose, which he is robbing his Creditors of, observe that Man who——Stay, Signior *Asmodeo*, interrupted *Don Cleofas* hastily, I see a Coach in the Street, which I cannot let pass without asking you what is in it. Hush! said the Cripple, lowering his Voice as if he was afraid of being heard, you are to know there is in that Coach one of the gravest Persons of the Realm in Disguise. He is a President going to make merry with an old *Asturian* Lady, who is subservient to his Pleasures. That he may not be known, he has taken *Caligula's* Precaution, who on such another Occasion put on a Peruke to disguise himself.

Let us return to the Picture I was going to lay before you, when you interrupted

interrupted me. Observe in the uppermost Part of the Marquis's Palace a Man very busy in his Closet, which is full of Books and Manuscripts. Perhaps, said *Zambullo*, it is the Marquis's Steward, who is taken up in contriving Means to pay his Master's Debts. Good, replied the Devil; that must needs be what Stewards of such Families amuse themselves with. Their Business is rather to make an Advantage of the Disorder of their Master's Affairs, than extricate them out of it. So that it cannot be a Steward you see there. No, it is an Author. The Marquis has lodged him in his Palace, to give himself an Air of encouraging Men of Letters. This Author then, replied *Don Cleofas*, is a Man of some Note. You are to judge of that, answered the *Dæmon*; he is surrounded by a thousand Volumes, and is compiling one, in which there will not be a Line of his own. He pilfers from all those Books and Manuscripts, and tho' he only

only methodizes and connects his Thefts, yet he does not want a larger Share of Vanity than a real Author.

You do not know, continued the Spirit, who lives within three Doors of this Palace: It is *la Chicona*, whom I have already made such honourable mention of in the Story of Count *de Belflor*. Ah, how I am ravished at the Sight of her! said the Scholar. The good Woman, so very serviceable to young People, is doubtless one of those two old Women which I see in that low Hall. The one is leaning with her Elbows on the Table, earnestly looking on the other, who is telling Money: which of the two is *la Chicona*? She, said the *Dæmon*, leaning on her Elbows. The other is called *la Pebrada*, an honourable Lady of the same Occupation; they are Partners, and at this Moment dividing the Profits of an Adventure which they have just now brought to bear.

La Pebrada has the best Trade, and deals with several rich Widows,

to whom she carries her List to read every Day. What do you mean by her List? interrupted the Scholar: It is, replied *Asmodeo*, a Catalogue of all the handsome Foreigners who come to *Madrid*, especially *French*. As soon as ever *la Pebrada* hears any fresh ones are arrived, she runs to their Inns, and sily informs herself of their Birth, Shape, Air, and Age. She then makes her Report to the Widows, who consider of it, and if they are so inclined, *la Pebrada* brings them to the Speech of the said Strangers.

This is not only very convenient, replied *Zambullo*, but in a sort lawful, for without these good Ladies and their Agents, young Strangers, who have no Acquaintance here, would be obliged to the Expence of an infinite deal of Time to create some. But pray tell me, are there any of this sort of Widows and necessary Ladies in other Countries? A pretty Question indeed; whether there are? answer'd the Cripple. Do you doubt

doubt it? I should very ill acquit myself in my Office, if I neglected to stock all great Cities with them.

Give your Attention a little to a Neighbour of *la Chicon*, that Printer at work alone in his Printing-House. He has sent his Servants to Bed these three Hours, and is going to spend the Night in printing a Book privately. How! what can it be then? said *Leandro*. It is a Libel, answered the *Demon*, it proves that Religion is preferable to point of Honour; and that it is better to forgive than revenge an Affront. Ah, Rascal, cryed the Scholar! he does well to print his infamous Book in private; nor would I advise the Author to own it, for I should be one of the first to cane him. Does Religion forbid the Preservation of our Honour?

Do not let us enter upon that Dispute, interrupted *Asmodeo*, with an ill-natur'd Smile: It seems you have improved well by the Lectures of Morality you have received at *Alcala*.

I give you Joy of your Improvement. You may say what you please, interrupted *Don Cleofas* in his turn, but let the Author's Arguments be the most beautiful and clear that can be invented, I shall laugh at them: I am a *Spaniard*, and nothing in the World is so sweet to me as Revenge. And since you have promised to do me Justice on my perfidious Mistress, I demand that you keep your Word.

I yield with Pleasure to the Transport that fires you, said the Devil: Oh, how I love those bold Spirits, who pursue all their Inclinations without scruple! I will this moment satisfy you, the time of your Vengeance is near at hand: But I would first shew you something that will divert you extremely. Carry your Eye beyond the Printing-house, and take good Notice of what is doing in an Apartment hung with musk-colour'd Cloth. I see five or six Women, answer'd *Leandro*, crowding and pressing one another

ther to thrust Glafs Bottles into the Hands of a sort of a Servant.

These are, replied the Cripple, two devout Ladies, who have great Reason for their Uneasiness, for in that Apartment lies an Inquisitor sick. This venerable Person, who is about five and thirty, is not lodged in the Chamber where you see those Women. Two of his favourite Penitents are watching with him: One is employed in making him Broths, and the other at his Bolster is keeping his Head warm, and covering his Stomach with a Stomacher made of fifty Lambs Skins. What is his Distemper then? said *Zambulla*: A little Cold in his Head, replied the Devil; and 'tis to be fear'd the Rheum may fall on his Lungs.

The other Women you see in his Antichamber are also devout Ladies, who, on the News of his Indisposition, run thither in all haste with Medicines: One of them has brought him, for his Cough, Syrups of *Ju-jubes*,

jubes, Marshmallows, Coral, and Colts-foot: Another, to preserve his Reverence's Lungs, is laden with Syrups of Long-Life, Veronica, Immortality, and Elixir Proprietatis: Another, to fortify his Brain and Stomach, has brought Balm, Cinnamon, and Treacle-Water; besides the Divine Water, and Essences of Nutmegs and Ambergris: This comes to offer him Anacardine, and Bezoartic Confections; and That Tincture of Clove-July-flowers, Coral, Milleflorum, the Sun, and Emeralds. All these Women are boasting the Efficacy of their Medicines to the Inquisitor's Footman; they take him aside one after another, and each of them clapping a Ducat in his Hand, thus whispers him in the Ear: Laurence, dear Laurence, I intreat you not to fail preferring my Medicines to all the rest.

Bless me! cry'd Don Cleofas, what happy Mortals are those Inquisitors! Indeed are they, replied Asmodeo; I myself almost envy their Happiness; and as Alexander once said, That

were he not *Alexander*, he could wish to be *Diogenes*: so I might well say, That, were I not a Devil, I would be an Inquisitor.

○ Come Senior Scholar, added he, now let us go and punish the Ingrate who so ill return'd your Tenderness. Upon which *Zambullo* took hold of the end of *Asmodeo's* Cloak, who cleft the Air a second time with him, and sat him down on *Donna Thomasa's* House.

The Baggage was at Table with the four Bullies, who had pursued the Scholar over the Tiles; he trembled with outrageous Resentment to see them eat a Brace of Partridges and a Hare, and empty several Bottles of Wine, for which he had paid, and sent thither. To crown his Vexation, he saw there was nothing but Mirth going forward, and sound by the Demonstrations *Donna Thomasa* gave, that the Company of these Wretches was more agreeable to that abandoned Creature than his own. Ah Rascals, cried he, enflamed with
Rage,

Rage, how deliciously they fare at my Expence, and a fine Mortification this to me!

I confess, said the Devil, it is no very pleasant sight, but they who will frequent such loose Ladies must expect Adventures of this kind: they happen every Day in *France* to Abbés, Men of the long Robe, and rich Farmers of the Revenue. If I had a Sword, replied *Don Cleofas*, I would break in upon those Villains, and spoil their Entertainment. You would be over-matched, replied the Cripple; leave your Revenge to me, I will compass it better than you; I will this moment set them together by the Ears, by inspiring them with a lascivious flame, and they shall draw upon each other; you will see a fine Uproar presently.

At these Words he blew, and out of his Mouth issued a violet-colour'd Vapour, that descended waving like a Squib, and spread itself over *Donna Thomasa's* Table: one of

the Guests immediately feeling the Effect of this Blast, drew near the Lady, and passionately embraced her; but the others, pushed on by the force of the same Vapour, endeavour'd to tear her from him. Each pretended to the Preference, which they now began to dispute, and a jealous Rage possessed all their Minds; they came to Blows, drew their Swords, and began to engage very warmly. In the mean while *Donna Thomasa* shrieked in a horrible manner, and the neighbourhood was immediately alarmed: they cried out for the Officers of Justice to come, which they immediately did, broke open the Courtezan's doors, found two of the Russians dead on the spot, seized the rest and carried them to Prison with *Donna Thomasa*, who crying and tearing her Hair lost all patience, whilst her Guards were not a jot more moved than *Zambullo*, who laughed very heartily with *Asmodeo*.

Well, said the Demon to the Scholar, are you satisfied? No, replied
Don

Don Cleofas; if you would satisfy me entirely, you must shew me the Prison. What exquisite Pleasure it will be to me, to see that Wretch, who made a Jest of my Passion, shut up there. I find that I now hate her more than before I lov'd her. With all my heart, replied the Devil, you shall always find me ready to oblige you, tho' it were even against my Inclination and Interest, so that it be for your good.

In a moment they reached the Prison, where soon after the two Bullies were brought, and clapped into a dark Dungeon. As for *Thomasa*, she was lodged on Straw, with three or four loose Women who had been taken up that day, and who on the morrow were to be transported to the place appointed for such Cattle.

Now I am satisfied, said *Zambullo*; I have had the pleasure of a full Revenge. My Friend *Thomasa* will not pass the Night so agreeably as she expected. Let us go and pursue our Observations where you please.

This is a place very proper for them, answer'd the Spirit; there are here a great number of guilty and innocent People; and it is a retirement which begins the Punishments of the one, and purifies the Virtue of the others. I will shew you some of each kind, and tell you why they are kept in their Chains.

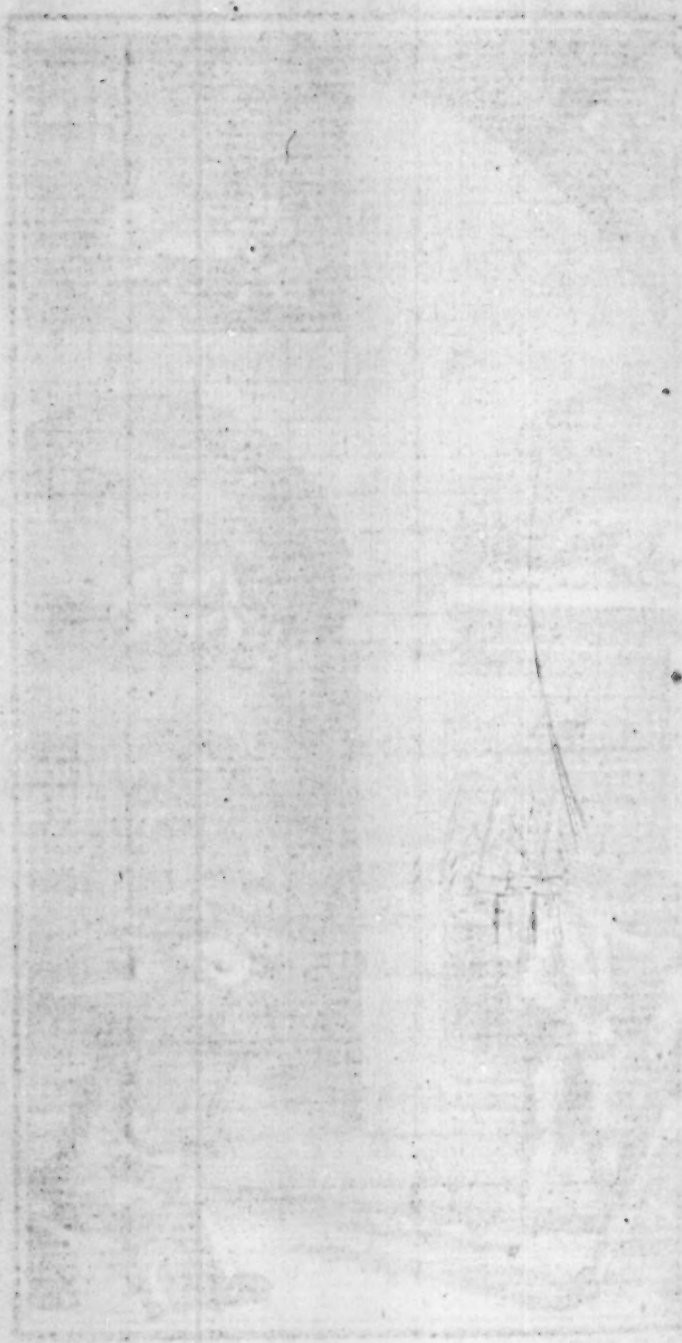


C H A P. VII.

Of the PRISONERS.

BEFORE we enter into particulars, pray take notice of the Goalers at the entrance into these horrid places. The antient Poets placed but one *Cerberus* at Hell Gates, but here is a far greater number, as you see. These Goalers are Villains who have lost all sentiments of humanity. The wickedest of my Brethren could hardly supply the place of one. But I find, added he,
you





you look with Horror on these Rooms, where all the Furniture is a wretched Bed, and those frightful Dungeons appear to you like so many Graves. It is with reason that you are astonish'd at the Misery of these places, and pity the Fate of those Wretches whom the Law detains in them. Yet they do not all deserve the same Compassion; their Merits therefore shall be the Subject of our Examination.

First of all, in that large Chamber on the right, are four Men lying on those two wretched Beds you see. One is a Vintner accus'd of poysoning a Stranger, who the other day dropp'd down dead in his House. It is pretended that the Quality of the Wine kill'd the Deceas'd, but the Vintner alledges it was the Quantity, and will be believ'd at his Tryal, for the Stranger was a *German*. And which of them are in the right, said *Don Cleofas*, the Vintner or his Prosecutors? The Affair is extremely delicate, answer'd

the Devil. It is true the Wine was adulterated, but on my Conscience, the *German* had drank so largely that the Judges may safely set the Vintner at liberty.

The second Prisoner is by Profession an Assassinator, one of those Cut-throats call'd * *Valientes*, who for four or five Pistoles are very ready to oblige such with the use of their Arm, that will be at the Expence to be privately rid of an Enemy. The third is a Fop of a Dancing-master, who taught one of his Female Scholars a false Step. The fourth is a Lover, caught by the Watch, as he was scaling the Balcony of a Woman of his Acquaintance whose Husband was absent. It is his own Fault he does not get out, by declaring his Design was purely amorous; but he chuses rather to pass for a Thief, and run the risque of his Life, than expose his Mistress's Honour.

A very

* *Valientes in the Spanish signifies Bravos or Russians.*

A very discreet Lover indeed, said the Scholar; it must be own'd that our Nation outdoes all others in point of Gallantry. I dare venture a Wager, that there is not a *Frenchman* in the World, for Example, that would suffer himself to be hang'd for his Discretion. No, I assure you, said the Devil, a *Frenchman* would sooner clamber over a Balcony to disgrace the Woman that should show him any Favour.

In the Closet next to those four Men, continued he, is a famous Witch, who has the Reputation of being able to do Impossibilities. By her Art, it is reported, old Widow-Ladies find Gallants that love them on the square: Husbands become just to their Wives, and Coquets really in Love with the rich Gallants that keep them. But nothing is more false: She is not Mistress of any other Secret, than that of persuading the World she is so, and of living handsomely on that Opinion. This poor Creature the Inquisition

sition claims, and very probably she will be burnt at the first *Auto de Fé*.

Under the Closet there is a Dungeon, that serves for a Lodging to a young Vintner. What, my Host again? cry'd *Leandro*; sure these People have a mind to poison all the World. This Man's Case is not the same, reply'd *Asmodeo*; he was seiz'd Yesterday, and is likewise claim'd by the Inquisition. I will in few Words relate you the Subject of his Commitment.

An old Soldier by his Courage, or rather Patience, having mounted to the Post of a Serjeant in his Company, came to raise Recruits in this City. He enquir'd for a Lodging at an Inn, where he was answer'd, That they had empty Rooms, but that they could not recommend any of them to him, because the House was haunted every Night by a Spirit, which treated all Strangers very ill that were rash enough to lodge there. This did not at all baulk our
Ser-

Serjeant: Put me in what Chamber you please, said he, do but give me a Candle, Wine, Pipes and Tobacco; and as for the Spirit, never trouble yourself about it; Ghosts have a respect for Men of War who are grown old in their Arms.

As he seem'd so resolute, he was shewn into a Chamber, where all that he desir'd was brought to him. He fell to drinking and smoaking 'till Midnight, and no Spirit had yet disturb'd the profound Silence that reign'd in the House; one would have imagin'd he fear'd this new Guest; but betwixt one and two the Serjeant, all of a sudden, heard a terrible Noise, like the rattling of old Iron, and immediately saw entring his Chamber an Apparition, cloath'd in black, and laden all around with Iron Chains. Our Smoker, not in the least affrighted at this sight, drew his Sword, advanced towards the Spirit, and with the flat side of it gave him a very severe Blow on the Head.

The

The Apparition, not much us'd to meet with such bold Guests, cry'd out, and perceiving the Soldier going to begin again with him, he most humbly prostrated himself at his Feet: Mr. Serjeant, said he, for God's sake don't give me any more; but have Mercy on a poor Devil, that casts himself at your Feet. I conjure you by St. James, who, as you are, was a great Soldier. If you are willing to save your Life, answer'd the Soldier, you must tell me who you are, and speak without the least Prevarication, or else this moment I cut you down the middle, as your Knights of old were us'd to serve the Giants they encountred. At these Words, the Ghost finding what sort of a Man he had to do with, resolv'd to own all.

I am the principal Servant of this Inn, reply'd the Spirit, my Name is *Guillermo*; I am in love with my Master's only Daughter, and she does not dislike me; but the Father

ther and Mother having a better Match in view than me, in order to prevent their making him their Son-in-law, the Girl and I have concluded that I shall, every Night, act the Part which I now do. I wrap myself up in a long black Cloak, and hang the Jack-chain about my Neck; thus equipt I run up and down the House, from the Cellar to the Garret, and make all the Noise which you have heard. When I am at my Master and Mistress's Chamber-door, I stop and cry out; *Don't hope that I'll ever let you rest, 'till you marry Juanna to Guillermo your upper Drawer.*

After having pronounced these Words with a hoarse broken Voice, I continue my Noise, and at a Window enter the Closet, where *Juanna* lies alone, to give her an account of what I have done. Mr. Serjeant, continued *Guillermo*, you see I have told you the whole; I know that after this Confession you may ruin me by discovering it to my Master; but

but if you please to serve, instead of undoing me, I swear that my Acknowledgements—— Alas, what Service can I do thee? interrupted the Soldier. You need no more, return'd *Guillermo*, than to say to-morrow that you have seen the Spirit, that it so terribly affrighted you—— How? terribly affrighted! interrupted the Soldier; would you have Serjeant *Annibal Antonio Quebrantador* own such a thing as Fear? I had rather ten thousand Devils should—— That is not absolutely necessary, interrupted *Guillermo*; and after all, it is not much matter what you say, provided you second my Design. And when I have married *Juanna* and am settled, I promise to treat you and all your Friends nobly for nothing every Day. You are a very tempting Person, Mr. *Guillermo*, said the Soldier. You propose to me to support a Trick: 'Tis a serious Affair, which requires mature Deliberation; but the Consequences hurry me on. Go,

con-

continue your Noise, give your Account to *Juanna*, and I'll take care of the rest.

Accordingly next Morning he said to his Landlord and Landlady: I have seen the Spirit, I have talk'd with it. 'Tis a very honest Fellow. I am, said he, the great great Grandfather of the Master of this House: I had a Daughter whom I promis'd to the Father of the Grandfather of his Drawer. However, neglecting the Word I had given him, I married her to another, and died soon after, and ever since am tormented as the Punishment of my Perjury, and shall never be at Rest, 'till one of my Family shall marry one of *Guillermo's*; and it is for this Reason I walk here every Night. Yet it is to no purpose that I bid them marry *Juanna* to their Head-Drawer. The Son of my Grandson and his Wife turn the deaf Ear to all I can say. But tell them, if you please, Mr. Serjeant, that if they do not immediately comply with my Desires, I shall proceed to
Action,

Action, and will torment them both in an extraordinary manner.

The Host being silly enough, was terrified at this Discourse; but the Hostess, yet more silly than her Husband, fancying that the Spirit was always at her heels, consented to the Match, and *Guillermo* marry'd *Juanna* the next Day, and set up in another part of the Town. Serjeant *Quebrantador* did not fail to visit him often; and he, in Acknowledgement of the Service he had done him, gave him as much Wine as he car'd for. This so pleas'd the Soldier, that he brought thither not only all his Friends, but list'd his Men there, and made all his Recruits drunk.

But at last *Guillermo*, grown weary of satiating such a Crew of greedy Throats, told the Soldier his Mind; who, without ever thinking that he had exceeded the Agreement, was so unjust as to call *Guillermo* little ungrateful Rascal. The Host answer'd; the Serjeant reply'd; and the Dialogue ended with several Strokes

Strokes with the flat side of the Sword, which *Guillermo* receiv'd: Several Persons passing by took the Vintner's Part; the Serjeant wounded three or four, but was suddenly fallen on by a Croud of *Alguazils*, who seized him as a Disturber of the publick Peace, and carried him to Prison. He there declar'd all that I have told you, and upon his Deposition the Officers have also seiz'd *Guillermo*; the Father-in-law requires the annulling of the Marriage; and the holy Office, inform'd of the Affair, have thought fit to take Cognizance of it.

As I hope to be sav'd, said *Don Cleofas*, this same holy Inquisition is very alerte. The moment they see the least glimpse of Profit——Softly, interrupted the Cripple, have a care what Freedom you take with this Tribunal, for it has its Spies every where, even of things that were never spoken. I myself dare not speak of it without trembling.

Over

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Over

Over the unfortunate *Guillermo* in the first Room on the left are two Men that deserve your Pity. One of them is a young *Valet de Chambre*, admitted by his Master's Wife as a Lover. One day the Husband caught them in the Fact; the Woman immediately cry'd out for Help, and accus'd the *Valet de Chambre* of a Rape. The unfortunate Fellow was seiz'd, and will in all likelyhood be sacrificed to his Mistress's Reputation.

The *Valet de Chambre's* Companion, still less guilty, is very near his End. He is a Dutches's Gentleman, whose Mistress being robb'd of a large Diamond, he is accus'd of the Theft. He will to-morrow be put to the Torture, 'till he confess that which was committed by an old Favourite Waiting-woman, whom no body dares suspect.

Ah Signior *Asmodeo*, said *Leandro*, let me entreat you to help this young Gentleman; I am concern'd for his
Inno-

Innocence ; keep off, by your Power, the cruel Tortures that threaten him: His Innocence deserves——
 You do not consider what you ask, Sir Scholar, interrupted the Devil. Can you desire me to oppose an unjust Action, and hinder the Destruction of an innocent Man? You had as good beg of an Attorney not to ruin a Widow or Orphan.

Pray, if you please, do not ask any thing of me contrary to my Interest, unless it may be of considerable Advantage to yourself. Besides, if I would deliver that honest Man out of Prison, do you think it is in my Power? How! reply'd *Zambullo*, have not you Power to fetch a Man out of Prison? No, really, reply'd the Cripple; if you had read *Albertus Magnus's Enchiridion*, you would have known, that I cannot, any more than my Brethren, set a Prisoner at Liberty. Should I myself have the Misfortune to fall into the Clutches of a Justice, I could not extricate myself any other way than by Money.

In

In the next Room is a Chirurgeon, convicted of having sent his Wife out of the World the same way that *Seneca* went. He was this day tortur'd, and after confessing the Crime he was charg'd with, own'd, besides, that he had for ten Years made use of a new way to create Practice; he wounded the Passengers in the Street with a Bayonet, and nimbly made his Escape, by running into his own House at a Back-door. The wounded Person, in the mean while, by his Groans had drawn the Neighbours to his Assistance. He ran in also with the Croud, and finding a wounded Man wallowing in his Blood, he caus'd him to be carried into his Shop, where he dress'd him with the same Hand which had given him the Wound.

Tho' the barbarous Surgeon have made this Confession, and deserve a thousand Deaths, yet he flatters himself with a Pardon, and possibly he may get one, for he is re-
lated

lated to one of the Prince's Dressers; and besides I must tell you that he makes a wonderful Water, for which he only has the Receipt. This incomparable Water has the power of whitening the Skin, and making an old wrinkled Face as smooth and soft as that of an Infant; so that three Court Ladies, who make use of it as their *Fountain of Youth*, have enter'd into a Confederacy to save him. And he reckons so much upon their Interest, or rather, if you please, upon his Water, that he is gone quietly to sleep, expecting to receive the agreeable News of his Liberty when he wakes.

In the same Chamber, said the Scholar, I think I see another Man very fast asleep too upon an old Bed. Sure his Business cannot be a very bad one. Yet it is a very nice one, answer'd the *Dæmon*. He is a *Biscayan* Gentleman, grown rich by the Discharge of a Blunderbuss; and it was thus: As he was Setting in a Wood with his elder Brother
about

about a Fortnight ago, he unfortunately kill'd him by a shot aim'd at some young Partridges. A lucky Mistake that for a younger Brother, cry'd *Don Cleofas*, smiling: True, said *Asmodeo*, but those that are next in Succession, being greedy of the Deceased's Estate, are prosecuting the young Gentleman, whom they accuse of committing this Fact in order to be the sole Heir of the Family. But he has voluntarily surrender'd himself, and seems so afflicted at his Brother's Death, that it is impossible to imagine he kill'd him designedly. And has he really nothing to reproach himself with, but his Aukwardness at shooting? reply'd *Leandro*. No, answer'd the Cripple, he had no ill Design; but whenever an elder Brother is Master of all the Estate of a Family, I would not advise him to go a Setting with his younger Brother.

Pray take particular notice of those two Youths in the next Room to the *Biscayan*, who are entertaining them-

themselves as merrily as if they were at Liberty. They are two staunch Villains: One of them especially may some time other present the Publick with an Account of his Rogueries; for he may pass for a second *Gusman de Alfarache*. I mean he in the brown velvet Waistcoat, with a Plume of Feathers in his Hat.

It is hardly three Months ago, since he was one of the Count *d'Oniate's* Pages here at *Madrid*; and would still have been with his Master but for a Piece of Roguery that has brought him hither, which I shall tell you.

This Youth, whose Name is *Domingo*, happen'd one Day to receive a good sound whipping from the Squire or Governor of the Count's Pages, for some unlucky Prank he had committed, that deserv'd it; which he stomach'd a long while, and resolv'd to revenge. He had observ'd more than once that Signior

Don Cosmo (for that was the Squire's Name) wash'd his Hands in Orange-flower-water, and afterwards rubb'd them with a Paste made of Pinks and Jessamin; that he took more Care of his Person than an old Coquet; in short, that he was one of those Fools who imagine that a Woman cannot look upon them without falling in love with them. This Observation gave him a hint for revenging himself, which he communicated to a young Girl that was a Chambermaid in the Neighbourhood, whose Assistance he wanted to put his Designs in execution, and with whom he had such an Intimacy, that he could not possibly have a greater.

This Wench, named *Florella*, in order to converse with him with the greater Freedom, made him pass for her Cousin at her Mistress *Donna Luziana's*, whose Father was abroad. The malicious *Domingo*, having instructed his pretended Cousin

in

in what she was to do, went one Morning into *Don Cosmo's* Chamber, whilst he was trying on a new Suit of Cloaths; all which time he was admiring himself in the Glass, and appear'd charm'd with the Figure he saw there. The Page pretending to admire this *Narcissus*, and falling into a feign'd Transport, Really, Signior *Don Cosmo*, said he, you have the Air of a Prince. Tho' I every day see *Grandees* dress'd in the greatest Magnificence, yet notwithstanding all the richness of their Dress, they want your Mein. I know not, whether being your humble Servant so much as I am, I look on you with Eyes too much prejudiced in your Favour; but in my opinion there is not a Gentleman at Court can expect to be taken notice of when you are there.

The Squire smiled at this Discourse which so agreeably flatter'd his Vanity, and putting on a soft Air, You flatter me, Friend, answer'd

he, or you must really love me, and your Friendship lends me those Graces which Nature has deny'd me. I do not think so, reply'd the Page, cajoling him all the while; for there is no body but what speaks of you as advantageously as my self. I wish you had heard what a Cousin of mine, who is Maid to a Woman of Quality, said of you yesterday.

Don Cosmo did not fail of asking what that Cousin of his said: Said! reply'd the Page; she enlarg'd upon the Beauty of your Shape, and the Charms that are to be seen all over your Person; and what is still better, she told me in Confidence, that *Donna Luziana* her Mistress took a Pleasure in looking at you every time you pass'd by their House.

Who can that be, said the Squire, or where does she live? What! answer'd *Domingo*, do not you know it is the only Daughter of General *Don Ferdinand* our Neighbour? Ah! now I have it, reply'd *Don Cosmo*, I remember

member I have heard the Wealth and Beauty of this *Luziana* much talk'd of. She is a fine Fortune. Is it possible I can be so happy as to have made her take notice of me? Most certainly, said the Page, my Cousin told me so; tho' a Lady's Woman, she is no Liar, and I would answer for her as soon as for my self. If it be so, said the Squire, I would have a little private Discourse with thy Cousin, and bring her over to my Interest by a Present or two, according to Custom; and if she advise me to make my Court to her Mistress, I will try my Fortune. And indeed, why not? I agree there is some distance between me and *Don Ferdinand*; but still I am a Gentleman, and have five hundred good Ducats a-year. Matches more extraordinary than this happen every Day.

The Page back'd his Governor in his Resolution, and procur'd him a Meeting with his Cousin, who finding the Squire ready to swallow

any thing, assured him, that her Mistress had an Inclination for him. She has often asked me about you, said she, and my Answers have not been to your Disadvantage. In short, Sir, you may reasonably presume, that *Donna Luziana* secretly loves you: boldly declare your honourable Designs; show her you are the gallantest Cavalier in *Madrid*, as you are one of the handsomest and best-made Gentlemen, but above all things give her a Serenade, which is what she is passionately fond of. As for me, I will take care to extol your Gallantry, and I hope my good Offices will not be in vain. *Don Cosmo*, transported with Joy to see the Maid take his part with so much warmth, stifled her with Embraces, and putting a trifling Ring upon her Finger, which he had purposely bought to present her with; Dear *Florella*, said he, I give you this Diamond only for the sake of your Acquaintance; I design to acknowledge the Services

Chap. VII. *upon Two Sticks.* 175

Services you intend me, by something more solid and considerable.

It was impossible to be more pleas'd than he was with this Conversation with the Chamber-maid. Wherefore, he not only thank'd *Domingo* for procuring it him, but rewarded him with a Pair of silk Stockings, and some laced Shirts, promising him he would let slip no Opportunity of serving him. And then consulting him upon the measures he should take, My Friend, said he, dost thou advise me to break the Ice by a sublime passionate Letter to *Donna Luziana*? Indeed do I, answer'd the Page; send her a Declaration of Love in the lofty Style; for something tells me it will not be ill receiv'd. I fancy so too, reply'd the Squire; however, at all Events that shall be my beginning. Immediately he put Pen to Paper; so having torn about twenty soul Copies of *Billet-doux*, which he had

I 4 made,

made, he at last hit upon one he resolv'd should go ; this he read over to *Domingo*, who having heard it with signs of Admiration, undertook to carry it immediately to his Cousin. These were the florid and far-fetch'd Terms it was couch'd in.

It is now long since, charming *Luziana*, that drawn by Fame, which every where publishes your many Perfections, I cannot help being inflam'd with an ardent Love for you. However, notwithstanding the Fires that consume me, I have not dar'd to venture upon any piece of Gallantry ; but as I am inform'd that you vouchsafe to cast an Eye upon me when I pass by your Window ; your Window, that deprives the Eyes of Mankind of your celestial Beauty ; and that by the Influence of your Stars, (an Influence very fortunate to me) you are inclin'd to wish me well, I take the liberty of begging to be allow'd to consecrate
my

my self to your Service. If I am so fortunate to obtain it, I bid Adieu to all Ladies, past, present, and to come.

Don Cosmo de la Higuera.

The Page and his sham Cousin did not fail making themselves very merry at *Don Cosmo's* Expence, and diverting themselves with his Letter. But that was not all: they drew up between them a kind Letter, which the Chamber-maid transcribed, and *Domingo* carried the next Day to the Squire, as *Donna Luziana's* Answer. This was it.

I Know not who it is that can so well have informed you of my secret Sentiments; somebody must have betrayed me; but I pardon it, since it has been the Occasion of letting me know that you love me. Of all the Men that pass thro' our Street, you are the Per-

son I take the most Pleasure in looking at; and I would fain have you become my Lover. Perhaps I ought not to wish it, and much less say it. But if it be a Crime, it is a Crime your Merit must find an Excuse for.

Donna Luziana.

Tho' this Answer was a little too tender for a General's Daughter (for the Writers had not taken their Measures nicely as to that) the vain *Don Cosmo* did not at all mistrust it upon that Account. He thought well enough of himself to imagine a Lady might lay aside Decency a little for his sake. Ah! *Domingo*, cryed he, with an air of Triumph, after reading the pretended Letter aloud; thou seest, my Friend, whether our Neighbour be not caught. I shall be *Don Ferdinand's* Son-in-Law, as sure as I am *Don Cosmo de la Higuera*.

There

There is no doubt of it, said the Rascal of a Confident; you have made a terrible Impression upon his Daughter. But it is just, come into my Head, said he, I remember thy Cousin charged me to tell you, that to-morrow at farthest it was absolutely necessary for you to give your Mistress a Serenade, in order to make her run quite mad for your Lordship. With all my Heart, said the Squire, and thou may'st assure thy Cousin that I will follow thy Advice, and to-morrow about Midnight she shall, without fail, hear one of the finest Concerts in her Street, that ever was heard at *Madrid*. And indeed he really went to an excellent Musick-Master, and having let him into his Design, employed him in the Execution of it.

Whilst he was busied about his Serenade, *Florella*, whom the Page had instructed, seeing her Mistress in good Humour, said to her, Madam, I am preparing you a very agree-

agreeable Diversion ; upon which, *Luziana* asked her what it was. O really, reply'd the Maid, laughing like mad all the while, I have a Budget full of News for you. An Original, whose Name is *Don Cosmo*, Governor to the Count *d'Oniate's* Pages, has taken it into his Head to chuse you for the Sovereign Lady of his Affections, and that you may not be ignorant of it, is to-morrow Night to regale you with a fine Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Musick. *Donna Luziana*, who was naturally gay, and thought the Squire's Gallantries would draw no ill Consequence after them in regard to herself ; far from assuming a serious Air, pleased herself beforehand with the Thought of hearing the Concert : so that, without knowing it, she help'd to confirm *Don Cosmo* in an Error, which had she known, she would have been very angry at.

In short, the Night of the following Day, there appeared before *Luziana's*

ziana's Balcony two Coaches, out of which alighted the gallant Squire and his Confident, accompanied by fix Men, some of which sung, and others played, who began the Concert. It lasted a considerable time, and they played a great number of new *Airs*, and sung several Songs, all which turned upon the Power of Love in the uniting Hearts of unequal Condition; and at the end of every Song, which the General's Daughter applied to herself, she laughed ready to burst.

When the Serenade was over, *Don Cosmo* sent back the Musick in the same Coaches they came in, and stayed in the Street with *Domingo*, till such curious People, whom his Musick had brought about them, were gone. He then drew near the Balcony, from whence the Maid, by her Mistress's Permission, said to him thro' a little Window; Is it you, Signior *Don Cosmo*? Who is it asks me that Question, answered he in a lan-

languishing Tone? It is *Donna Lu-
ziana*, replied the Maid, who would
be informed whether this Concert be
the Effect of your Gallantry? It is
no more than a slight Shadow of the
Entertainments my Love is preparing
for this Wonder of our Age, if she
will vouchsafe to receive them from a
Lover consuming upon the Altar of
her Beauty?

At this Metaphor, the Lady had a
strong Inclination to laugh: however
she smother'd it, and placing herself
at the little Window, Signior *Don
Cafmo*, said she, as gravely as she pos-
sibly could, to the Squire, it is very
plain you are no Novice in Gallan-
try. Lovers who would oblige their
Mistresses must learn of you; I am
very well pleased with your Serenade,
and thank you for it. But I would
have you retire, added she; for we
may be heard; and another time we
will have a longer Conversation. At
these Words, she shut the Window,
leaving the Squire prodigiously plea-
sed

sed with the Favour she had just done him, and the Page as much astonished to see her act a Part in the Comedy.

This little Entertainment, reckoning the Charge of the Coaches, and of the vast Quantity of Wine drank by the Performers, cost *Don Cosmo* an hundred Ducats; yet two Days after his Confident engaged him in a fresh Expence; which was thus. Heaving learnt that *Florella* was on the Eve of *St. John*, (an Eve so celebrated in this City) to go with some other Wenches of the same Stamp to the *Fiesta del * Sotillo*, undertook to give them a magnificent Breakfast at the Squire's cost.

Signior *Don Cosmo*, said he, do you know that to-morrow is the Festival of *St. John*? I tell you beforehand that *Donna Luziana* proposes to be by day-break on the Banks of the *Mansanarez* to see the *Sotillo*. I suppose I need say no more to the
Flower

* A sort of Dance particular to the Spaniards.

Flower of all gallant Cavaliers, nor are you a Man that will slight so fair an Opportunity. I am perswaded that your Mistress and her Company will be handsomely treated to-morrow. Yes, you may depend upon it, said his Governor, and you shall see I know how to lay hold on the Occasion. In reality, very early the next Morning, four of his Master's Footmen, conducted by *Domingo*, and loaded with all sorts of cold Meats, dressed different ways, and a vast Number of small Loaves, and Bottles of the best Wine, arrived on the Banks of the *Mansanarez*, where *Florella* and her Companions were dancing like so many Nymphs at the rising of the Morning.

They were not a little pleased at the Page's coming to interrupt their light Dances, by the Offer of a solid Breakfast from Signior *Don Cosmo*. They sat down on the Grass, and began to do Honour to the Feast by laughing immoderately at the Fool who

who gave it; for the charitable Cousin of *Domingo* had taken Care to let them into the Secret.

As they were all disposed for Mirth, they saw the Squire appear richly dress'd, and mounted on a Pad out of the Count's Stables. He came up to his Confident, and saluted his Company, who got up to receive him with the greater Politeness, and thank him for his Generosity. He look'd with all the Eyes he had among these Wenches for *Donna Luziana*, designing to make his Addresses to her in a fine Compliment which he had studied by the way; but *Florella* taking him aside, told him that an Indisposition had prevented her Lady's appearing at the Entertainment. *Don Cosmo* shewed a very great Concern at this News, and asked what his dear *Luziana's* Illness was: She has got a sad Cold, said the Maid, by passing all the Night, you gave the Serenade, in the Balcony without her Vail, and talking of you. The Squire,
com-

comforted by an Accident proceeding from so charming a Cause, begg'd her to continue him her good Offices with her Mistress, and returned home applauding himself more and more in his good Fortune.

About this time, *Don Cosmo* had a Bill of Exchange sent him, and received a thousand Crowns in Gold sent him from *Andalusia*, as his share of an Estate of an Uncle of his at *Seville*. He told over the Sum, and put it into a Chest before *Domingo*, who eyed it wishfully, and being tempted to get those pretty Things into his Possession, he resolved to run away with them to *Portugal*. He informed *Florella* of it, and went so far as to propose to her to go along with him. Tho' the Proposal deserved mature Consideration, the Wench, as wicked as the Page, accepted it without bogling. In short, one Night whilst the Squire was shut up in his Closet, and busied in inditing a passionate Letter to
his

his Mistress, *Domingo* found means to open the Chest where the Money lay, and carried it off. Immediately he made the best of his way into the Street with his Booty, and being got under *Luziana's* Balcony, fell a catterwauling. The Chamber-maid, at this Signal which they had agreed upon, did not make him wait long, but being ready to follow him all over the World, departed out of *Madrid* with him.

They built upon having time enough to reach *Portugal*, before they should be overtaken; but unluckily for them, *Don Cosmo*, that very Night perceiving he was robbed, and his Confident run away, had immediate recourse to a Justice, who dispatched his Blood-hounds all about in pursuit of the Thief, and took him and his Nymph near *Zebreros*; who were both brought back, and the Maid sent to *las Arrepentidas*, and *Domingo* hither.

Doubt-

Doubtless then, said the Scholar, the Squire will not lose his Money, but it will be returned him. Not so, neither, answered the Devil: those Pieces are Proofs of the Robbery, and the Officers of Justice will not part with them: and *Don Cosmo*, whose Story is spread all over the City, remains plundered, and laughed at by every Body.

Domingo and that other Prisoner at play with him, continued the Cripple, have a young *Castilian* for their Neighbour, who has been brought in here, for having given his Father a Blow in the Presence of credible Witnesses. O Heaven! cry'd *Leandro*, what do you tell me? how ever wicked a Son be, yet still can he lift up his Hand against his Father? O yes, said the *Demon*, this is not without an Instance, and I will give you a very remarkable one. In the Reign of *Peter the First*, surnamed the Just and the Cruel, Eighth King of *Portugal*, a young Fellow of a-
bout

bout twenty was put into the hands of Justice for the same Fact. *Don Pedro*, like you, surprized at the Novelty of the Case, resolved to examine the Criminal's Mother, and did it with so much Art, as to make her own she had that Child by a Right Reverend Prelate. In the same manner, were the Judges of this *Castilian* to examine his Mother as artfully, they might probably force the same Confession from her.

Carry your Eye to that large Dungeon under the three Prisoners I have just shewed you, and let us consider what is passing there. Those are Highway-men. See, they are breaking out, by the help of a smooth File brought them in a Loaf, and have already filed thro' a large Bar of a Window, thro' which they may slip into a Court that goes into the Street. They have been here more than ten Months, and should have received the publick Reward due to such Exploits above eight Months
ago:

ago : but thanks to the tedious Proceedings of the Law, they are going again to their old Vocation of murdering Travellers.

Follow me into that low Hall, where you will see twenty or thirty Prisoners lying upon Straw ; they are Pickpockets, Shoplifters, and all the very worst sort of Felons ; Do you observe five or six of them worrying a kind of handycraft Tradesman brought in to-day for wounding an *Alguazil* with a Stone. But why do they beat the poor Fellow ? said *Zambullo*. It is, answered *Asmodeo*, because he has not paid his Garnish. But, added he, let us leave those Rogues, and get as far as we can from this wretched Place, that we may employ our time upon Objects that are more agreeable.

CHAP.



C H A P. VIII.

Asmodeo shews Don Cleofas several Persons, and discovers to him what they have been doing that Day.

LEaving the Prisoners they flew towards another Quarter, and lighted upon a great Houle, where the *Demon* said thus to the Scholar; I have a great mind to tell you what all the People living round this great House have this Day been doing, and possibly it may divert you. I make do doubt of it, answer'd *Leandro*, and I wish you would begin with that Captain who is drawing on his Boots. He is going out of *Madrid*, said *Asmodeo*; his Horses wait for him at the Gate, and he is commanded to *Portugal*, in order to join his Regiment.

Having no Money to make the Campaign, he yesterday apply'd himself to an Usurer: Can't you, said he,

he, lend me a thousand Pieces of Eight? Captain, answered the Usurer in very obliging Terms, I have not so much by me, but I will do my best to find you a Man that shall lend you the Sum; that is, shall give you four hundred down, provided you give your Note for a thousand; and out of that four hundred, please to take Notice that I expect fifty for Procuration. Money is so very scarce at this time——What a hellish Extortion is this, interrupted the Officer hastily, to ask six hundred and sixty Patacoons for the Use of three hundred and forty! What a horrid Cheat is this! such unconscionable Rascals deserve hanging.

No Passion, Captain, replied the Usurer with a cool Air, try at another Place. What do you complain of? Do I force you to take the three hundred and forty Patacoons? You are at your Liberty to take them or let them alone. The Captain went away without returning

ing any Answer : But after considering he must go to his Regiment, his time was short, and that he could do nothing without Money, he returns the next Morning to the Usurer, whom he met at his Door in a black Cloak, Collar-Band and short Hair, with Beads in his Hand. Signior *Sanguisuela*, says he, I am content to accept your three hundred and forty Patacoons ; my extreme want of Money has forced me to it. I will but go to Mass, answered the Usurer very gravely, and at my Return come again, and you shall have that Sum. No, no, replied the Captain, go in again, this Affair won't take you up two Minutes, pray dispatch me immediately, for I am in the utmost haste. I cannot really, reply'd the Usurer, I every Day hear Mass before I do any manner of Business ; 'tis my constant Rule, which I am resolved to observe most religiously for the Remainder of my Life.

However impatient the Captain was to receive his Money, he was forced to submit to pious *Sanguisuela's* strict Rules; and, as if he had been afraid he should miss the Patacoons, he followed the Usurer to the Church, and staid the Mass out with him; immediately after which he prepared to go out of the Church, when *Sanguisuela* whispered in his Ear, that one of the ablest Preachers in *Madrid* was going to mount the Pulpit; and I will not on any account, said he, lose the Sermon.

The Officer, who thought the Mass insupportably tedious, was almost distracted at this fresh Delay; but yet waited the Sermon out. The Preacher appear'd, and preached against Usury, at which the Captain was infinitely pleased, and observing *Sanguisuela's* Looks, he said to himself, If this *Jew* should be touched with this Discourse! Should he now give me six hundred Patacoons, how happy 'twould be! After the Sermon

mon the Usurer went out of the Church: Well, Signior *Sanguisuela*, said the Captain joining him, what do you think of this Preacher? was not the Sermon very pathetick? for my part, I own it sensibly moved me. I am perfectly of your Opinion, with regard to the Sermon, answered the Extortioner: He has handled his Subject perfectly well; he is a learned Man, and has discharged the Duty of his Calling; let us do the same in ours.

Pray who are those two Ladies abed together who laugh so loud? cried *Don Cleofas*; they seem to me to be very merry. They are, answer'd the Devil, a couple of young Ladies that have this Day buried their Father, who was a whimsical Humourist, that had such an Aversion for Matrimony, that he would never marry them, how advantageous Matches soever were offer'd. The Character of their deceased Father was the perpetual Subject of their Discourse.

course. He is dead at last, said the eldest, our unnatural Father, who took a barbarous Pleasure in preventing our Marriage! He will now no more cross our Desires. For my part, said the youngest, I am for a rich Husband, tho' a Fool, and *Don Blanco* shall be my Man. Hold Sister, replied the eldest, don't let us be so very hasty in the Choice of Husbands; let us marry those the Powers above have destin'd for us; for our Marriages are register'd in Heaven's Book. So much the worse, dear Sister, return'd the youngest, for I'm afraid my Father will tear out the Leaf. At this the eldest could not hold from an extravagant Fit of Laughter; in which the youngest, equally tickled, as heartily joins.

In the House next to these two Sisters, lives in a ready-furnished Chamber, a young *Arragonian* Lady who is upon the Catch for some rich Bubble. I see she is looking in the Glass instead of going to Bed,
and

and complimenting her Charms, on the important Conquest they have made this Day. She is likewise contriving new Airs, and has already hit on two which will to-morrow give a good Stroke towards the gaining of a new Lover, who is such a very promising Spark that she can't be too sedulous in the Conquest of him; and one of her Creditors coming not long since to dun her, Honest Friend, said she, come within a few Days and you shall be paid, I am just upon Terms of Agreement with one of the chief Officers of the Treasury.

I need not, said *Don Cleofas*, ask you what that Gentleman, which I see, has been doing for this whole Day; he must of necessity have spent it in writing of Letters. What a prodigious quantity do I see on his Table! What is most comical, answer'd the Devil, is, that all these Letters are *verbatim* the same. This Cavalier has written to all his absent Friends the Relation of an Ad-

venture which happened to him this day after Dinner, and is as follows: He loves a beautiful discreet Widow of thirty: He makes Addresses to her, she does not flight him, he proposes to marry her, and she accepts the Offer. While the nuptial Preparations are making, he has free leave to visit her at her own House, which he accordingly doth daily. He has been there to-day, and happening to meet with none of the Family to ask where she was, he enter'd the Lady's Apartment, where he surprized her asleep on a Couch in an amorous Undress; or to speak more properly, almost naked. He approach'd her softly, and stole a Kiss; at which she awaked, and sighing said: *Alb, pray Ambrosio, let me sleep!* The Cavalier, like a well-bred Man, very civilly took his leave at that Instant, and quitted her Apartment; he met *Ambrosio* at the Door: *Ambrosio*, said he, your Mistress begs that you would not wake her.

Two Doors beyond this Cavalier, I discover a small House where lives an Original of an Husband, who snores while his Wife is reproaching him for having staid out the whole Day; and she would be much more exasperated, if she knew how he had been employing himself. In some Intrigue, I warrant you, said *Zambullo*: You are right, replied *Asmodeo*, and I will tell you it.

This Man is a Citizen, whose Name is *Patricio*, one of those loose Husbands that live without thinking, as if they had neither Wives, nor Children. Yet he has a beautiful modest Wife, two Daughters, and a Son, all very young. He went out this Morning without asking whether there was Bread for the Family, which sometimes wants it. He passed by the great Square, drawn thither by the Preparations for the Bull-feasts which are to be to-day. There were Scaffolds already built all round, and such as were the

most eager to satisfy their Curiosity had already began to take their Places.

Whilst he was gazing at them, he happen'd to cast his Eye upon a Lady very well made and neatly drest, who in coming down from one of the Scaffolds, shew'd a fine well-turned Leg, with a pink-colour'd silk Stocking and silver Garter. There needed no more to set our weak Citizen all in a flame, who advancing up to the Lady, who had another with her that plainly enough discover'd by her Air that they were both upon the catch; Ladies, said he to them, if I can be serviceable to you any way, pray command me, for I am very much at your Service. Sir, answer'd the Nymph with the pink-colour'd Stockings, your Offer is too obliging to be rejected; we had already taken our Places, but have just left them to go to Breakfast, for we have been so silly as to come
out

out this Morning without drinking our Chocolate; and since you are so gallant as to offer us your Service, go along with us, if you please, to some place where we may eat a mouthful. But let it be somewhere that we may not be seen; for you know young Maidens cannot be too careful of their Reputation.

At these Words, *Patricio* growing still more polite and well-bred than there was any Occasion for, carries his Princesses to a Tavern in the Suburbs, where he calls for a Breakfast. Sir, says the Man of the House, what would you please to have? I have the Remains of a great Entertainment made at my House yesterday, still by me; crammed Chickens, Partridges of *Leon*, Pidgeons of *Old-Castille*, and more than half a Ham of *Estremadura*. That is more than we shall want, said the Gentleman-usher of these Vestals. Ladies, you need only chuse; which are you for? Whatever you please, answer'd they,

your Taste shall be ours. Whereupon our Citizen order'd a Brace of young Partridges, and two cold Chickens, and a private Room, seeing he was with Ladies who stood so much upon their Modesty.

They shew'd him and his Company into a little By-closet, whither in a moment was brought the Dish he had bespoke, with Bread and Wine. Our *Lucretias*, like Ladies of a good Stomach, fell greedily upon the Meat, while Sir *Timothy Treat-all* amused himself with contemplating the Beauty of his *Luistia*, for so was this Lady of his Affections call'd. He admires the Whiteness of her Hands, on which sparkled a large Ring which she had gain'd by her Practice; he calls her a Star, a Sun, and a thousand such fine Names, and is not able to eat for thinking on his good luck in meeting with her. He ask'd his Goddess if she were married, to which she answer'd No, but was under a Brother's

ther's Care; if she had added on *Adam's* side, she had spoke the Truth.

In the mean while the two Harpies not only devour'd each her Chicken, but drank proportionably too. The Wine was soon out, and our Spark himself ran to fetch more, that they might have it the sooner; but he was hardly out of the Room, when *Jacinta*, *Luisita's* Companion, lays her Claws upon the Partridges that remained in the Dish, and crams them into a Linnen Pocket she had under her Petticoat. Presently our *Adonis* return'd with more Wine; and observing the Victuals was gone, ask'd his *Venus* whether she would not eat the other Bit. Let us have, said she, some of those Pidgeons our Landlord was mentioning, provided they be exceeding fine; if not, a Piece of the Ham will do. She had scarce spoke, when *Patricio* went back to the Larder, and order'd three Pidgeons and a large

large Slice of the Ham. Our Birds of Prey begin to peck again, and whilst their Spark was oblig'd a third time to disappear for Bread, they send a Brace of the Pidgeons to keep company with the Prisoners in their Pocket.

After the Repast, which concluded with Fruits proper to the Season, the amorous *Patricio* press'd *Luisita* to make him those Returns he expected from her Gratitude, which she Lady refus'd to comply with; but gave him some hopes, at the same time telling him there was a time for every thing, and that she thought a Tavern a very unfit Place to testify her Acknowledgements for the Obligation she had to him. Upon which, hearing it strike One, she put on an air of Uneasiness, saying to her Companion, Dear *Jacinta*, we are very unfortunate, we shall meet with never a place to see the Bull-fight: Pardon me, answer'd *Jacinta*, this Gentleman has no more
to

to do than to carry us back where he first accosted us with so much Politeness, and do not be uneasy about the rest.

Before they went out of the Tavern, there was a necessity for paying the Vintner, who mounted the Bill to fifty Reals: the Citizen put his Hand into his Pocket, where finding but thirty Reals, he was forced to pawn his Beads garnish'd with silver Medals for the rest. He then waited on his Scamperers to the place where he met with them, and placed them in a very convenient Seat, in one of the Scaffolds, for which the Proprietor, a Friend of his, gave him Credit.

They were hardly seated, ere they asked for something to drink. I am fainting with Thirst, cry'd one, the Ham has made me so terribly dry; and I too, cry'd the other, could drink a Glass of Limonade with Pleasure. Immediately *Patricio*, who understood but too well what all this

this meant, left them in order to go for Refreshments ; but stopping short, says he to himself ; Where art thou going, Madman ? methinks, thou shouldst have a hundred Pistoles either in thy Pocket or at home, and yet thou hast not a Cross. What shall I do, continued he ? Shall I return to the Lady without what she desires ? No, that will never do. On the other hand, shall I stop short in an Affair that is so far advanced ? I can never think of that.

In this Perplexity, he perceives one of his Friends in the Crowd, who had often made him Offers of Friendship, which out of Pride he had always refused : immediately laying aside all Shame, he makes up to him in all haste, and borrows a double Pistole of him ; and taking heart at this fortunate Accident, flies to a Chocolate-house, and there buys so many Liquors cool'd in Ice, so many Biscuits and dry'd Sweet-meats, that

that the Doublon would scarce serve for that Expence.

In short, the Feast concluded with the Day, and our Gallant waits on his Ladies home, hoping thereby to gain his Ends. But when they were before a House, where she said she liv'd, a sort of a Maid came out to *Luisita*, and speaking with some concern, Lord, said she, where have you been so late! Your Brother Signior *Don Jasper Heridor* has been at home these two Hours, storming and swearing like a Madman; upon which the Sister pretending to be in a Fright, turn'd to our Spark, and squeezing his Hand, said in a low Voice, My Brother is terribly passionate, but it is soon over; stay a little in the Street, and do not be impatient, so we will go in and quiet him; but as he every Night sups in the City, the moment he goes out, *Jacintha* shall come and inform you of it, and let you in.

The

The Gallant, comforted by this Promise, kiss'd *Luisita's* Hand with Transport, who bestow'd on him a few Caresses to keep him in hopes; and then went in with *Jacinta* and the Maid. *Patricio* very contentedly sat himself down on a Stone that was near the Door, and waited a good while, without thinking they could possibly have any design to trick him. Nothing surpriz'd him but that he did not see *Don Jasper* come out, which made him fear that this cursed Brother would not sup in the City.

In the mean time he hears it strike, ten, eleven, twelve. Then he began to abate of his Confidence, and suspect his Lady's Sincerity. He goes up to the Door, goes in, and gropes his way thro' a dark Alley, in the midst of which he finds a pair of Stairs. However, he dares not venture to go up, but listens attentively, and his Ear is saluted with the disagreeable Concert of a Dog barking, a Cat mewling, and a Child crying.

crying. At last he begins to find he is imposed upon; and what fully convinces him is, that endeavouring to get at the End of the Alley, he finds himself in a different Street to that where he had so long waited.

Then he regretted the Loss of his Money, and returns home cursing the pink-colour'd Stockings; he knocks, and his Wife opens the Door with her Beads in her Hand and Tears in her Eyes, saying with a moving Air, Ah! *Patricio*, can you thus abandon your House, and take so little Care of your Wife and Children? What have you been doing ever since six a-clock this Morning, that you went out? The Husband not knowing what Answer to make, and being asham'd besides of being fool'd by a couple of jilting Baggages, undrest, and went to Bed without speaking one Word. The Wife, in a humour for moralizing, is now giving him a Lecture that this Moment has laid him to sleep.

Cast

Cast your Eye, pursued *Asmodeo*, on that great House beyond that of the Gentleman who is writing his Friends an account of breaking off his Marriage with his Mistress. Do you see that young Lady in the Rose-colour'd Sattin Bed embroider'd with Gold? Yes, answer'd *Don Cleofas*, I discern a fine Woman in a profound Sleep, and I think also a Book on her Bolster. You are right, replied *Asmodeo*, that Lady is a very gay, witty, young Countess, who being indispos'd, and not able to sleep for a Week, she this Day resolv'd to send for one of the gravest Physicians of this City. He came, she consult'd him, and he order'd her a Remedy mentioned in *Hippocrates*. The Lady began to rally his Prescription; but the Physician being a peevish Animal, was disgusted at her Jest; and replied with his doctorial Gravity; *Hippocrates*, Madam, is not a proper Man to be ridiculed. God forbid Doctor, answered

swered the Countess with the most serious Air that it was possible for her to put on; God forbid that I should laugh at such a famous and learned Author! I have such a high Value for him, that I am fully persuaded the reading of some of his Tracts only, would cure my waking Distemper. I have his Works translated by the learned *Azero*, which is the best Translation extant. She accordingly try'd the Experiment, and at the third Page fell asleep.

In the Countess's Stables there is a poor one-arm'd Soldier, whom the Grooms out of Charity allow to lie every Night on the Straw. He begs in the day-time, and has just now had a pleasant Conversation with another Beggar, that lives near *Buen-retiro* in a Passage leading to the Court. This last has made a good hand of it, is a warm old Fellow, and has a Daughter marriageable, who passes amongst these People for a rich Heiress. The Soldier accosting

costing the old Gentleman, said to him, Signior *Mendigo*, you see I have lost my right Arm, I can no longer serve his Majesty, and am reduced, as you are, to the Civility of Passengers for a Subsistence. But of all Trades I know very well this is one that best subsists those that follow it, and that all it wants is to be a little more honourable. If it were honourable, answered the other, it would be worth nothing, for every body would take it up.

You say right, replied the Soldier; well then I am one of your Brethren, and would fain be related to you. You shall give me your Daughter. You do not consider, answered the old rich Fellow, that she must have a better Match. You are not half lame enough for my Son-in-Law. I would have a Man in a Condition to draw Compassion from an Usurer. Good God! said the Soldier, is not my Condition deplorable enough? Fye, answered the other

ther hastily, you have only lost an Arm, and yet you pretend to my Daughter. Do you know, Sir, that I have already refused her to a Fellow so lame, that he goes with his Breech in a Bowl?

But we must not pass by the House next to the Countess's, where lives a drunken Painter and a Poet. The Painter went out at seven this Morning, with intent to fetch a Confessor to his Wife who is at the point of Death; but meeting with a Friend that dragged him to the Tavern, he never return'd 'till ten at Night. The Poet, who, if he be not belied, has sometimes met with a melancholy Reward for his Satires, said just now in a Coffee-House with a swaggering Air, speaking of a Man, who was absent; That is a Rascal to whom I must give a good drubbing; to whom an arch Fellow replied, That you may very easily, for you have a good Stock by you.

I must

I must not forget a Scene worth your hearing, that has this Day pass'd at a Banker's in this Street, who is lately set up in this City. 'Tis not two Months since he returned from *Peru* laden with Riches: His Father is an honest Cobler in a small Village about twelve Leagues from hence, where he lived thoroughly contented with his Condition and his Wife, who is much about the same Age with himself, that is, sixty.

'Tis a long time since this Banker left his Parents, to go to the *Indies* in quest of a better Fortune than what they could propose to leave him; for within the Compass of twenty rolling Years they had not seen him. They frequently talk'd of him, and continually pray'd that Heaven would please not to forsake him; and the Parson being their Friend, they never fail'd to obtain the publick Prayers of the Congregation for him. As for the Banker, he had not forgotten them; but as soon as he was settled,

settled, resolved to inform himself of their Condition. To this purpose, after having ordered his Domesticks not to expect him, he mounted on Horse-back, and went alone to the Village.

'Twas ten at Night before he got thither, and the honest Cobler was a-bed with his Wife, in a sound Sleep, when he knocked at the Door: They then wak'd, and ask'd who was there? Open the Door, says the Banker, 'tis your Son *Francillo*. Make others believe that if you can, cried the old Man; you thieving Rogues, go about your Business, for here is nothing for you; *Francillo*, if not dead, is now in the *Indias*. He is no longer there, he is return'd home from *Peru*, reply'd the Banker, and it is he that now speaks to you; open your Door, and receive him. *Jacobo*, let's rise then, said the Woman, for I really believe 'tis *Francillo*; I think I know his Voice.

They

They both rose immediately; the Father lighted a Candle, and the Mother, after getting her Cloaths on with utmost haste, open'd the Door. She earnestly looked on *Francillo*, and could no longer doubt his being her Son; she flung her Arms about his Neck, and clasped him close to her. *Jacobo*, also touched by the same Sentiments as his Wife, did not fail to embrace his Son in his turn; and all three of them, transported with the Sight of one another after such a long Absence, could not satisfy themselves with expressing the Marks of the utmost Tenderness.

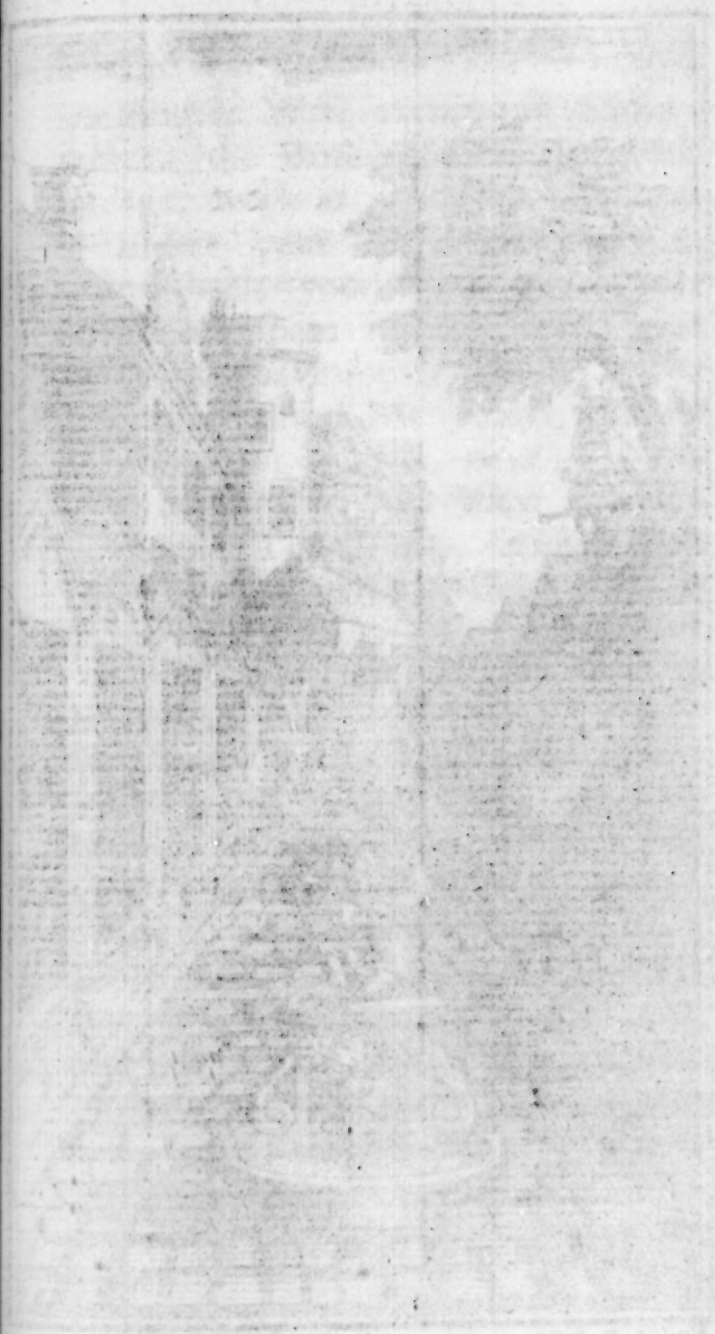
After these pleasing Transports, the Banker unsaddled and unbridled his Horse, and put him into the Stable, where he found an old milch Cow, the Nurse to the whole Family; he then gave the old Folks an Account of his Voyage, and all the Riches that he had brought from *Peru*. The Particular was long, and
would

would tire any disinterested Auditors ; but a Son that unbosom'd himself in the Relation of all his Adventures, could not fail of the Attention of a Father and Mother. They greedily heard him, and the very least Particulars which he related made in them a sensible Impression of Grief or Joy.

As soon as he had ended the Story of his Fortunes, he told them he came to offer them Part of his Estate, and begged of his Father not to work any longer. No, my Son, said Mr. *Jacobo*, I love my Trade, and will not quit it. Why, replied the Banker, is it not now high time for you to give it over, and take your Ease? I don't propose your coming to live with me at *Madrid*; I know very well that a City Life would not please you. I would not disturb your quiet way of living; but at least give over your hard Labour, and pass your Days as easily as you can.

The Mother seconded her Son, and Master *Jacobo* yielded. Very well, *Francillo*, said he, to please you, I will not work any more for the Publick; but will only mend my own Shoes, and those of my good Friend, the Vicar of the Parish. After this Agreement, the Banker, fatigu'd with his Day's Journey, eat a couple of Poach'd Eggs, went into his Father and Mother's Bed, and slept betwixt them both, with a Pleasure which only the most dutiful and best-natur'd Children to their Parents can imagine.

The next Morning, the Banker, leaving them a Purse of three hundred Ducats, returned to *Madrid*; but yesterday was very much surprized to see Mr. *Jacobo* unexpectedly at his House: My Father, said he, what brought you hither? *Francillo*, answered the honest Man, I have brought your Purse, take your Money again, I desire to live by my Trade, I have been ready to die with Uneasiness ever since I left off
working.



1773



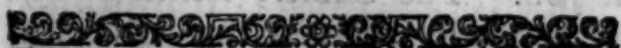
Vol I. p. 219

working. Well then, my Father, replied the Banker, return to your Village, work at your Trade enough to divert your self, but no more. Carry back your Purse with you, and don't spare mine. Alas, what would you have me do with so much Money? replied Mr. *Jacobo*. Comfort the Poor with it, returned *Fran-cillo*, bestow it as your Vicar shall advise you. The Cobler, satisfied with this Answer, returned that Morning to his Village.

Don Cleofas could not hear *Fran-cillo's* Story without a particular Pleasure, and was going to break out into Praises of the honest-hearted Banker, if just at that Moment a very shrill Cry had not call'd off his Attention. Signior *Asmodeo*, cried he, what's that I hear? What confus'd Noise strikes the Air? Those are Madmen, answered the Devil, who are tearing their Throats with singing and roaring; we are not far from the Place where they are shut up. Ah, said *Don Cleofas*, pray do

me the Favour to shew me them, and give me an Account wherefore they ran mad. I will immediately give you that Diversion, answered the Devil. These Words were scarce ended, before the Scholar was transported to the Top of the * *Casa de los locos*.

* *The Mad-house or Bedlam.*



CH A P. IX.

Of the confined Mad People.

Z*Ambullo* cast an attentive Eye into all the Rooms, and having observed the mad Men and Women that were in them, said the Devil to him; You see here are mad Folks of both Sexes, merry and melancholy, young and old; but I must now tell you what has turn'd their Brains. We will take them in order one after another, and begin with the Men.

He

He that is raving in the first Room is a Newsmonger of *Castille*, born in the Heart of *Madrid*, a haughty Citizen, and more touch'd with the Honour of his Country than an old *Roman* Citizen. This Man is melancholy mad, by reading in the Gazette that twenty *Spaniards* suffer'd themselves to be beaten by a Party of fifty *Portuguese*.

His Neighbour is a *Licenciado*, who has play'd the Hypocrite at Court for these ten Years only to obtain a Benefice; and seeing himself continually forgotten in the Promotions, Despair has at last turned his Head. But a very lucky Circumstance for him is, that he fancies himself Archbishop of *Toledo*, and if he really be not so, he has the Pleasure of believing he is: and I think him still the more happy, as I look upon his Madness as a golden Dream in which he will continue all his Life; and as he will have no Account to give in the next World, how he has employ'd the Revenues of his Bishoprick in this.

The next is an Orphan, whom his Guardian made to pass for distracted, that he might seize his Estate; and the poor Youth is really become so at last, out of pure Grief to see himself shut up here. Next to him is a School-Master, who lost his Wits in search of the *paulo post futurum* of a Greek Verb: and the other a Merchant, whose Reason could not support the News of a Shipwreck, after having had the Courage to bear up against the Misfortune of two Bankrupcies.

He whom you see beyond him, is old Captain *Zanubio*, a Neapolitan Gentleman, who came to settle at *Madrid*, and ran mad with Jealousy. His Story runs thus:

He had a young Wife, whose Name was *Aurora*; he kept her out of Sight; his House was inaccessible to all Men. *Aurora* never went out but to Mass, and then was always accompany'd by her old *Tibon*, who sometimes carry'd her to an Estate which he had near *Alcantara*.

Notwith-

Notwithstanding all his vigilant Care, a certain Gentleman, whose Name was *Don Garcia Sacheco*, having seen her at Church, had conceived a violent Passion for her. He was a bold young Spark, and worth the Regard of a handsome Woman ill married.

The Difficulty of introducing himself to *Zanubio* did not remove his Hopes; but his Beard being not yet grown, and being a very beautiful Youth, he dress'd himself in Girls Cloaths, took a Purse of a hundred Pistoles, and went to *Zanubio's* Estate, whither he had been inform'd by good Hands, that the Captain and his Wife would very soon come. He address'd himself to the Gardener's Wife, and in a Romantick Heroic Strain, said to her, I come to throw myself into your Arms, take pity on me; I am of *Toledo*, born of a good Family, and to a good Fortune: My Parents resolve to marry me to a Man I hate, and I have this Night escaped their Ty-

ranny, and at present want a Shelter from their Rage. They will never come to look for me here; permit me to stay here, 'till my Relations come to more tender Sentiments for me. Here is my Purse, adds he, giving it to her, take it; 'tis all I can at present offer you. But, I hope, I shall one day be able to acknowledge any service you shall do me.

The Gard'ner's Wife, touched with this Discourse, more especially with the Conclusion: My Daughter, said she, I will serve you; I know several young Women which are sacrificed to old Men, and withal know that they are not very well contented with them; alas, I feel part of their Grievs. You could not have address'd yourself to a more proper Person than myself, I will place you in a little private Chamber, where you shall be secure.

Don Garçia pass'd several days here very impatiently, expecting the Arrival of *Aurora*, who at last came, accompany'd by her Husband; who, according

according to his Custom, searched all the Apartments, Closets, Cellars, and Garrets, to see if he could not discover any Man hidden there. The Gard'ner's Wife, knowing him thro'ly, prevented his searching *Don Garcia's* Chamber, by telling in what manner the pretended Lady had desir'd a Refuge there.

Zanubio, tho' extreme distrustful, had not the least Suspicion of the Deceit. He was willing to see the unknown Lady, who desir'd to be excus'd from the Discovery of her Name, pretending she ow'd that Concealment to her Family, whom she disgraced by this sort of Flight. She then told her romantick Tale so advantageously, that the Captain was charm'd with it, and began to find a growing Inclination for the fair unknown. He offer'd her his Services, and flattering himself that this might prove a lucky Adventure, placed her with his Wife.

As soon as *Aurora* saw *Don Garcia* she blush'd, and grew disturbed,

without knowing why ; he perceiv'd it, and believed that she had observ'd him in the Church where he had seen her : Wherefore to satisfy himself, as soon as he could speak to her alone, he said, Madam, I have a Brother has often mentioned you to me ; he saw you for a Moment in a Church ; ever since that time he has called upon your Name a thousand times a day, and is in a Condition which indeed deserves your Pity.

At these Words *Aurora* look'd on *Don Garcia* more intently than she had yet done, and answered, You too much resemble that Brother for me to be any longer deluded by your Artifice ; I see clearly enough that you are a Cavalier in Petticoats : I remember that one day, when I was hearing Mass, my Veil suddenly flew open, and you saw me. I observed you out of Curiosity, and found your Eyes always fix'd on me. When I went away I believe you did not fail to follow me, to dis-

cover

cover in what Street I liv'd, and who I was. I believe, I say; because I durst not turn my Head to observe you, because my Husband, who was with me, would have been alarm'd, and made a great Crime of it. The next, and the following days, I went to the same Church, where I saw you again, and took so much notice of your Face, that I know it again, notwithstanding your Disguise.

Madam, then, replied *Don Garcia*, I must unmask: Yes, I am a Man ensnar'd by your Charms: 'Tis *Don Garcia Pucheco*, whom Love has introduced here in this Dress. And you hope, without doubt, said she, that approving your Passion, I should favour this Stratagem, and contribute my Part to keep my Husband in the Error he now lies under; but there you are deceiv'd. I will immediately discover the whole to him; I am glad of such a handsome Opportunity of convincing him that his Vigilance is less secure than my

my Virtue, and that as jealous and distrustful as he is, 'tis more difficult to surprize me than him.

She had scarce ended these Words before the Captain appear'd ; What are you talking of, Ladies ? said he. To which *Aurora* immediately answered : We are speaking of those young Cavaliers that attempt to get into the Affections of young Women who have old Husbands ; and I was saying that if any of those Sparks should be so rash as to presume to introduce themselves to you, under any disguise, I would very severely punish their Impudence.

And you, Madam, said *Zanubio*, turning towards *Don Garçia*, how would you treat a young Cavalier on the same Occasion ? *Don Garçia* was so disturb'd and confus'd, that he was utterly at a Loss what Answer to return to the Captain, who would have perceived the Perplexity he was in, if a Footman had not come to tell him that a Person was
come

come from *Madrid* to speak with him.

He went to see what his Business was, when *Don Garcia* threw himself at *Aurora's* Feet : Ah, Madam ! said he, what Pleasure do you take in tormenting me ? Will you really be so barbarous as to deliver me over to the Resentment of an enraged Husband ? No, *Pucheco*, answered she smiling ; young Women, who have old jealous Husbands, are not so cruel. Reassume your Courage ; I was willing to divert myself by putting you into a little Fright, but that shall be all ; 'tis not making you pay too dear for my Complaisance in suffering you to stay here. At these comforting Words *Don Garcia* found all his Fears vanish, and conceived Hopes that *Aurora* was so kind as to make good.

One Day when they were mutually exchanging some Marks of their good Understanding in *Zanubio's* Apartment, the Captain surpriz'd them.

them. Had he not been the most jealous Man in the World, he saw enough to engage him to believe with good Reason, that his fair Unknown was a Cavalier disguis'd: enrag'd to the highest degree at this Sight, he runs to his Closet to fetch his Pistols; but in the mean while the Lovers escaped, double locking all the Doors after them, and carrying off the Keys. They got to a neighbouring Village, where *Don Garçia* had left his *Valet de Chambre* and two Horses. There he quitted his Petticoats, took *Aurora* behind him, and conducted her to a Convent, where he desir'd her to enter, and assur'd her of a Refuge there, the Abbess being his Aunt. This done he return'd to *Madrid* to wait the Issue of this Adventure.

In the Interim, *Zanubia* finding himself lock'd in, loudly call'd all his Family. A Footman hearing his Voice, ran towards him, but the Doors being lock'd, he could not
open

open them. The Captain endeavour'd to break them open, but not being able to get out that way quick enough, yielding to his Rage, he hastily flung himself out at a Window with the Pistols in his Hand: He fell upon his Back, hurt his Head, and remain'd senseless on the Ground. His Domesticks came and carry'd him into the Hall on a Couch; they threw Water in his Face, and by tormenting him fetch'd him out of his fainting Fit; but with his Senses his Rage return'd: He ask'd for his Wife. The Servants answer'd him, that they saw her and the strange Lady go out at the little Garden Door. He commanded them to give him his Pistols immediately, and they were forced to obey him. He caus'd a Horse to be saddled, mounting it without thinking of his Wounds; but happen'd to take a different Road than that which the Lovers went. He pass'd the whole Day in a vain Chace,

Chace, and at Night stopping at an Inn in a Village to repose himself, his Fatigue, and the Blood which he had lost, threw him into a Fever and *Delirium*, which almost carry'd him off.

To tell you the rest in two Words ; he lay fifteen Days sick in that Village, after which he return'd to his Estate, where continually possess'd by his Misfortune, he by degrees lost his Wits. *Aurora's* Friends were no sooner inform'd of this, than they brought him to *Madrid*, and shut him up in the Mad-house ; and his Wife is yet in a Nunnery, where they resolve she shall stay some Years, as a Punishment for her Indiscretion, or rather a Fault for which they only are to blame.

The very next to *Zanubio* is Signior *Don Blaz Desdichado*, a Gentleman of great Merit. His Wife's Death is the Occasion of his being in the sad Condition wherein you see him. That is surprizing, said *Don*

Don Cleofas : What ! a Husband run mad for the Death of a Wife ! really I did not think conjugal Love could be carried so high. Not so fast, interrupted *Asmodeo*, *Don Blaz* did not run mad with Grief for the Loss of his Wife, but for being forced to restore fifty thousand Ducats to his Wife's Relations, according to the Marriage Articles, in case they had no Children, which is this Gentleman's Misfortune.

Oh, that alters the Affair, said *Leandro*, now I am no longer surpriz'd at it. But pray tell me who that young Man is in the next Room, that is capering about like a Goat, and stopping now and then, bursts out into a Laugh, and holds his Sides all the while. That is a merry Madman, replied the Cripple, and his Madness was caus'd by an Excess of Joy. He was a Porter to a Person of Quality, but hearing one Day of the Death of a rich Contador, whose only Heir he was, he was not Proof
against

against so joyful a piece of News, and so his Head turned.

We are got to that tall Youth who plays upon the Guittar, and sings to himself. He is a melancholy Mad-man, a Lover whom the Severities of his Mistress have reduced to this Condition. Ah, how I pity him, cry'd the Scholar, allow me to deplore his Misfortune; it may be every honest Gentleman's Case. If I should be smitten by a cruel Beauty, I don't myself know whether I should not lose my Wits. By this Sentiment you shew yourself to be a true *Castilian*; one must be born in the very middle of *Castile* to be capable of ever running melancholy Mad for being unable to please. The *French* are not so tender, and if you will know the Difference betwixt a *Frenchman* and a *Spaniard* on this Head, I need only repeat the Song which that Madman sings, and has just this Minute composed.

A

A Spanish Song.

*Ardo y lloro Sin Sossiego:
Llorando y ardiendo tanto,
Que ni el llanto apaga el fuego;
Ni el fuego consume el llanto.*

In Prose thus:

*I burn and weep incessantly, without
my Tears ever quencking my Flames, or
my Flames drying up my Tears.*

Thus sings the Spanish Cavalier,
when his Mistress has us'd him ill;
and on the same Occasion a French-
man, a few Days since, exprefs'd
himself thus:

A French Song.

*Tb' ungrateful Object of my Love
Is deaf to all my Prayers:
Her cruel Heart no Sighs can move,
Nor is she soften'd by my Tears.*

Was

Was ever mortal curs'd like me !

*The Light, and ever-glorious Sun,
Henceforth abandon'd will I shun,
And in the Grave with Payen lie.*

Payen is probably a Vintner ? said *Don Cleofas*. You have guess'd right, said the Devil. Let us go on, and examine the rest. No, said *Leandro*, let us rather go to the Women, and I am impatient to see them ; I will comply with your Impatience presently, reply'd the Spirit, but there are two or three unfortunate People that I should be glad to shew you first ; perhaps you may improve by their Misfortune.

In the next Room to the Man playing on the Guittar, don't you see a pale meagre Face, grinding his Teeth, and looking as if he intended to swallow the Iron Bars at his Window ? That is an honest Fellow, born under so unlucky a Planet, that with all the Merit in the world, and twenty years Endeavours,

vours, he has not been able to secure himself bread. He ran mad at seeing a little inconsiderable Fellow of his Acquaintance mount in one day to the top of Fortune's Wheel by nothing but his knowledge of Arithmetick.

His Neighbour is an old Secretary, whose Noddle is crack'd by the Ingratitude of a Courtier, whom he had serv'd for sixty Years. He is a Servant whose Zeal and Fidelity can never be sufficiently commended, for he never ask'd any thing, but was satisfy'd with letting his Care and Services speak for him. Yet his Master, very different from *Archelaüs* King of *Macedon*, who deny'd Favours when ask'd, and bestow'd them unask'd, is dead without making him any Recompence; and left him but just enough to pass his days here in Misery, and among Mad-men.

One more, and I have done. It is he leaning with his Elbows on the Window, buried in profound Me-

Meditation. In him you see a *Sig-nior Hidalgo* of *Tafalla*, a small Town in *Navarre*; he remov'd to *Madrid*, and employ'd his Money to a fine purpose; for he was mad enough to make an Acquaintance with all the *Beaux-Esprits*, and treat them every day of his Life. Every day was a day of Entertainment at his House; and tho' the Authors, an ungrateful and churlish Tribe, laugh'd at him whilst they were eating him up; yet he never would rest 'till he had spent all his little Fortune upon them. No doubt, said *Zambullo*, he is run mad with Vexation at having ruin'd himself so foolishly; quite the contrary, reply'd *Asmodeo*, it is to see himself not in a condition to continue the same Life.

Let us now come to the Women. How comes it, said the Scholar, that I see but seven or eight! there are fewer Women mad than I thought. All of them are not here, reply'd the *Demon* smiling; but in another

another part of the City, there is a great House quite full of them. I'll carry you thither this minute, if you please. That is needless, answer'd *Don Cleofas*, I will content my self with what are here. You are in the right, reply'd the Cripple, for they are almost all young Ladies, and of Distinction; and you may judge by the neatness of their Rooms, that they cannot be ordinary Women. But let me inform you of the Causes of their Distraction.

The first is a *Corregidor's* Lady, whose Head was turn'd by the outrageous Passion she fell into at being called a Citizen's Wife by a Court Lady. The second is Wife to the Treasurer-General of the Council of the *Indies*; and she is run mad with Vexation at being oblig'd to turn her Coach in a narrow Street, to make way for that of the Dutchess of *Medina Celi's*. The third is a Merchant's Widow, out of her Wits with spite for losing a great Lord, whom she hoped
to

to marry. And the fourth is a Girl of Quality, named *Donna Beatrix*, whose Misfortune I must tell you.

This Lady had a Friend call'd *Donna Mencia*, whom she saw every day. A Knight of the Order of St. *Jago*, a well-made gallant young Fellow, became acquainted with them, and soon made them Rivals: for they both vigorously disputed his Heart, but he inclin'd to *Donna Mencia's* Side, so she was in a short time married to him.

Donna Beatrix, jealous of the Power of her Charms, conceived a mortal Spite at having the Preference given against her, and like a right *Spaniard*, entertain'd a violent Desire of Revenge, when she receiv'd a Letter from *Don Jacinto de Romarate*, another Lover of *Donna Mencia's*, wherein he tells her that being as much mortify'd at his Mistress's Wedding as she herself was, he had resolv'd to fight the Cavalier who had robb'd him of her.

The

This was a very agreeable Letter to *Donna Beatrix*, who desiring only the Death of the Offender, wish'd for nothing more than that *Don Jacinto* would take away his Rival's Life; but whilst she was impatiently waiting for so Christian-like a Satisfaction, it happen'd that her Brother having accidentally quarrel'd with *Don Jacinto*, they drew, and he receiv'd two Wounds of which he died. It was *Donna Beatrix's* Duty to bring the Murtherer to Justice, which however she neglected, in order to give him time to attack the Knight of St. *Jago*; and this proves that a Woman holds no Consideration so dear as that of her Beauty. And it was thus *Pallas* behav'd to *Ajax*, after he had ravish'd *Cassandra*. For the Goddess did not immediately punish the sacrilegious *Greek*, who had just been prophaning her Temple, but resolv'd he should contribute toward revenging her for the Judgment of *Paris*. But, alas! *Donna Beatrix*, less fortu-

nate than *Minerva*, did not taste the Pleasure of being reveng'd; for *Romarate* perish'd in his Rencounter with the Knight, and the Lady's Chagrin to see an Affront which had been offer'd her, go unpunish'd, has turn'd her Brain.

The two following Mad-women are an Attorney's Grand-mother, and an old Marchioness. The former having sufficiently plagued her Grand-son by her Ill-nature, he has very fairly shut her up here, to rid his hands of her. The other is a Lady who has all her life-time been worshipping her Beauty. Instead of growing old with a good grace, she was perpetually bemoaning the Ruin of her Charms, and at last one day happening to look into a Glass that did not flatter, fell mad.

As for the old Marchioness, said *Leandro*, I think it a lucky Accident; as her Mind is disorder'd, perhaps she no longer finds that Time has made any alteration in her Person.

No,

No, certainly, replied the Devil; far from seeing any thing like Age in her Face, her Complexion seems to her a Mixture of Lillies and Roses, the *Loves* and *Graces* appear at her side, and, in short, she thinks herself the Goddess *Venus*. Well then, reply'd the Scholar, is not she the happier in her Madness, than if she could see herself just as she really is? Doubtless she is, said *Asmodeo*——but hold; ——we have but one Lady more; she is in the furthestmost Room, who is just fallen into a deep Sleep after three Days and Nights of raving. It is *Donna Emerenciana*. Examine her well; what say you to her? I think her perfectly handsome, answer'd *Zambullo*, what pity it is so charming a Creature should be mad! By what Accident has she been reduced to so deplorable a Condition? Listen attentively, replied the Cripple, and you shall hear the Story of her Misfortune.



The History of Donna Emerenciana.

DONNA Emerenciana was the only Daughter of *Don Guillem Stephani*, and liv'd at ease at her Father's House in *Siguença*, 'till *Don Ximenes de Lizana* broke in upon her Quiet, by the Gallantries he put in practice to please her. She was not only sensible of the Cavalier's Affiduities, but was so weak to help forward the Stratagems he employ'd to get at the Speech of her, and soon gave him her Faith, and received his.

These two Lovers were of equal Birth ; but the Lady might pass for one of the best Fortunes in *Spain*, whereas *Don Ximenes* was no more than a younger Brother. There was still another Obstacle to their Union. *Don Guillem* hated the Family
of

of *Lizana*; which he shew'd but too plainly by his Discourse, whenever that Family was the subject of Conversation. He seem'd even to have a greater Aversion for *Don Ximenes*, than for the rest of his Race. *Emerenciana*, extremely afflicted to see her Father in such a Disposition, took it as an ill Omen to her Love. However she did not scruple to give a Loose to her Inclinations, and to converse privately with *Lizana*, who was introduced to her from time to time at Night by the means of her Woman.

One of those Nights it happen'd, that *Don Guillem*, who by chance waked just as the Lover was coming in, thought he heard something in his Daughter's Apartment, which was not far from his own. There needed no more to make so distrustful a Parent uneasy. However, as suspicious as he was, *Emerenciana's* Conduct had been so artful, that he never suspected her Correspondence

with *Don Ximenes*. But not being one of that sort of Men who carry their Confidence too far, he got up very softly, went and open'd a Window that look'd into the Street, and had the Patience to stay there, 'till he saw *Lizana* go down by a Rope-Ladder into the Street, and knew him by the light of the Moon.

What a sight was this for *Stephani*, the most revengeful and barbarous Man that *Sicily*, the Place of his Birth, ever produced! He did not immediately yield to the Dictates of his Passion, but carefully avoided making a noise, which might have depriv'd him of the principal Victim of his Resentments. He put a constraint upon himself, and waited 'till his Daughter was up the next day before he went into her Apartment. There, finding himself alone with her, and looking at her with Eyes sparkling with Rage; Wretch, said he, who notwithstanding thy noble Blood, art not ashamed to be guilty of

of the most infamous Actions, prepare thyself to suffer the Punishment thou hast deserv'd. This Steel, added he, drawing a Poignard out of his Bosom, this Steel shall rob thee of Life, if thou dost not confess the Truth. Tell me the Name of that audacious Villain who came hither last Night to dishonour my House.

Emerenciana remain'd quite speechless, and so confounded at her Father's Threats, that she could not bring out a Word. Ah! Wretch, continued her Father, thy Silence and Confusion shew me thy Guilt but too plain. And do'st thou imagine, Daughter unworthy of me, that I am to learn what has pass'd? Last Night I saw the audacious Villain, it is *Don Ximenes*. It was not enough to admit a Cavalier into thy Apartment at Night, but he must be my mortal Enemy too. But come, let us know how far I am injured. Speak without Disguise ;

for it is thy Sincerity alone can preserve thy Life.

The Lady, at these Words entertaining hopes of escaping the dismal Fate that threaten'd her, recover'd in some measure from her Fright, and answer'd *Don Guillem* thus: My Lord, said she, I could not help hearing *Lizana*, but Heaven is witness of the Purity of his Sentiments. As he knows you hate his Family, he has not yet dared to ask your Consent; and it was only to confer together about the means of obtaining it, that I sometimes granted him Admission. And whom did you both make use of, reply'd *Stephani*, to convey your Letters to each other? One of your Pages, answer'd the Lady, did us that Service. That is all I would know, reply'd the Father: now for my Design. Whereupon, with the Dagger still in his Hand, he made her take Pen and Ink, and write her Lover this Letter, which he dictated himself.

Dearest

Dearest Husband, only Joy of my Life, I am to tell you that my Father is just gone into the Country, from whence he returns to-morrow. Make use of the Opportunity. I flatter myself that you will wait for Night with as much Impatience as myself.

When *Emerenciana* had written and sealed this perfidious Billet, *Don Guillem* bid her call the Page who had so well acquitted himself of the Commission he had been charged with, and order him to carry that Letter to *Don Ximenes*. But do not hope to deceive me, added he, for I will lie conceal'd somewhere here, and observe thee narrowly when thou givest it to him; and if thou say'st a Word to him, or givest him the least Sign that may make him suspect the Message, I will immediately plunge the Dagger in thy Heart. *Emerenciana* knew her Father's Temper too well to dare to disobey him. She gave the Billet into the Page's Hands, as usual.

Stephani then put up the Poignard, but did not leave his Daughter one moment all the Day; he would not let her speak to any body out of his sight, and manag'd so well, that *Lizana* could receive no Information of the Snare that was laid for him. The young Gentleman was exact to the Appointment. Scarce was he got within the Doors, when he found himself immediately laid hold on by three lusty Fellows, who disarm'd him without giving him an Opportunity of defending himself, gagg'd him for fear of his crying out, and tyed his Hands behind him. At the same instant they put him, in this Condition, into a Coach, that had been prepar'd for the purpose; and all three went into it, to make sure of the Cavalier, whom they carried to *Stephani's* Country Seat, situated at the Village of *Miêdes*, about four short Leagues from *Siguença*. The moment after, *Don Guillem* sat out in another Coach with his Daughter,

Daughter, two Maids, and an old ill-natur'd *Duenna*, whom he had hired that Afternoon. He took with him the rest of his Family, except an old Domestic, who knew nothing of the carrying away of *Lizana*.

Before Day-break they all arriv'd at *Miêdes*. *Stephani's* first Care was to see *Don Ximenes* secur'd in a Dungeon, which let in a small glimmering by a Hole too straight for a Man to get through. He then order'd *Julio*, a Servant privy to his Designs, to give him no other Nourishment than Bread and Water, nor any other Bed than Straw, and to say to him, every time he carried him his Allowance, *Here, base Seducer, it is thus Don Guillem treats those that dare injure him.* The cruel *Sicilian* us'd his Daughter with no less Severity; he shut her up in a Room that had no Window towards the Fields, remov'd her Woman, and gave her the *Duenna* he had chosen,
for

for her Goaler; a *Duenna* that could not be parallel'd in the World for tormenting young Ladies committed to her charge.

In this manner he disposed of the two Lovers; but his Intention was not to stop there. He had resolv'd to rid himself of *Don Ximenes*; but still he fain would have committed that Crime with Impunity, which however seem'd pretty difficult to effect. As he had made use of his own Servants to carry off the Cavalier, he could not hope that a Fact, known to so many, could perpetually remain a Secret. What then was to be done to escape the Pursuits of Justice? He determin'd upon an Expedient, which shew'd him to be a compleat Villain. He call'd together his Accomplices into a small House separate from the Castle. He told them how pleased he was with their Zeal, and, in acknowledgment, promised them a large Reward, after he had entertain'd

tain'd them. He made them sit down to table, and in the midst of the Entertainment, *Julio* poison'd them by his order. Then the Master and the Man set Fire to the House, and before the Flames could bring in the Inhabitants of the Village about him, they assassinated *Emerenciana's* two Maids, and the little Page I mention'd before, and then threw their Bodies to the rest. In a short time the House was all in flames, and burnt to the ground, notwithstanding all the neighbouring Peasants could do to extinguish it. All this while the *Sicilian* was to be seen shewing all the Signs of a most immoderate Grief. He appear'd inconsolable at the Loss of his Servants.

Having in this manner made sure of the Discretion of such, in whose Power it was to have betray'd him, he thus address'd himself to his Confident. Dear *Julio*, now I am at rest, and may take away *Don Ximenes's*

menes's Life whenever I please. But before I sacrifice him to my Honour, I will enjoy the charming Pleasure of seeing him suffer. The Misery and Horror of a long Imprisonment will be more cruel to him than Death. And indeed, *Lizana* was continually bewailing his ill Fortune, and being persuaded he should never get out of the Dungeon, wish'd to be freed from his Sufferings by a sudden Death.

But it was in vain that *Stephani* hoped his Mind would be at rest after such an Exploit. In three days a fresh Uneasiness came upon him. He was apprehensive that *Julio*, when he carried the Prisoner his Food, might be gain'd over by Promises; and that Fear made him determine to hasten the Death of the one, and then to shoot the other. *Julio* too, on his side, was not without his Fears; and judging that his Master, after ridding himself of *Don Ximenes*, might very probably sacrifice him

him to his own Safety, formed the Design of making his Escape the first opportunity, with every thing in the House that could be carried off with the greatest Ease.

These were the Contrivances of those two good Men, each unknown to the other, when they were one day both surpriz'd about a hundred Paces from the Castle by fifteen or twenty Archers of the *holy Brotherhood*, who surrounded them, immediately crying out, *By order of the King, and of Justice.* At this sight, *Don Guillem* turn'd pale, and was confounded. However, setting a good face upon the matter, he ask'd the Commandant, whom his Business was with? With yourself, answer'd the Officer. You are charg'd with carrying away *Don Ximenes de Lizana*. I am order'd to make a strict Search for that Gentleman all over your Castle, and to secure your Person. *Stephani*, being convinced by this Answer that he was undone, fell
into

into a violent Rage. He drew out a pair of Pistols, insisted he would not suffer his House to be search'd, and threaten'd to shoot the Commandant if he did not presently draw off with his Men. The Captain despising his Threats, advanced upon the *Sicilian*, who let off a Pistol at him, and wounded him in the Face. But that Wound cost the rash Man that gave it his Life; for two or three Archers fired upon him that instant, and, to revenge their Officer, laid him dead upon the spot. As for *Julio*, he surrender'd himself without any Resistance, and did not give them the trouble of asking whether *Don Ximenes* was in the Castle, but confessed every thing: However, seeing his Master lifeless, he threw all the Villany upon him.

In short, he took the Commandant and his Archers to the Dungeon, where they found *Lizana* fast bound, lying upon Straw. The poor Gentleman, who liv'd in continual
Ex-

Expectation of Death, thought that so many Men in Arms were not come thither upon any other design than to kill him: but was agreeably surpriz'd to find that they, whom he took for his Executioners, were his Deliverers. When they had unbound and brought him out of the Dungeon, he thank'd them for his Deliverance, and asked them how they came to know he was a Prisoner there. That is, said the Commandant, what I am going to tell you in few Words.

The Night you was carry'd off, pursued he, one of those concern'd in it, who had a Mistress that liv'd within a few Doors from *Stephani*, going to take his Leave of her before he sat out, was so indiscreet to discover *Stephani's* Project to her. The Woman kept it secret for two or three days; but as the Report of the Fire at *Miêdes* began to spread all over *Siguença*, and as it seem'd strange to every body, that the Si-

cilian's

cilian's Servants should all perish in it; she bethought herself that it might be the handy-work of *Don Guillem*. So, to revenge her Lover, she went to *Don Felix*, your Father, and told him all she knew. *Don Felix*, frighten'd to see you at the Mercy of a Man capable of any thing, carry'd the Woman before the *Corregidor*, who having examin'd her, did not doubt but *Stephani* intended you should suffer the longest and most cruel Torments, and that he was the horrid Contriver of the Fire. And resolving to go to the bottom of the Affair, sent me an Order to *Retortillo*, where I live, to mount, and hasten hither with my Brigade in order to search for you, and bring *Don Guillem* alive or dead. I perform'd my Commission, in what relates to you, with Success; but am very sorry it is out of my Power to carry the Criminal to *Siguença* alive. He has put us under a necessity of killing him by the Resistance he made.

The

The Officer having ended his Story thus, said to *Don Ximenes*; Signior Cavalier, I am going to draw up Informations of all that has happen'd here, after which we will set out, in order to comply with the Impatience you must be in of ridding your Family of the Uneasiness they feel upon your account. Sir, cry'd *Julio*, I will furnish you with fresh matter to enlarge your Informations. You have still another Prisoner to set at Liberty. *Donna Emerenciana* is shut up in a dark Room, where a merciless *Duenna* is continually mortifying her, and never allows her a moment's Rest. O Heaven, cry'd *Lizana*, the cruel *Stephani* then was not satisfy'd with exercising his Barbarity upon me! let us go this moment and deliver that unhappy Lady from the Tyranny of her Governante.

Thereupon *Julio* carried the Commandant and *Don Ximenes* with five or six Archers to the Chamber
which

which serv'd *Don Guillem's* Daughter for a Prison. They knock'd at the Door, and the *Duenna* came and open'd it. You easily guess the Pleasure that *Lizana* felt at the sight of his Mistress, after he had despair'd of ever possessing her. He perceiv'd his Hope return, or rather he could not doubt of his Happiness, since the only Person that could pretend to oppose it, was dead. As soon as he saw *Emerenciana*, he ran and threw himself at her Feet; but who can express his Concern, when, instead of meeting with a Mistress ready to receive his Transports, he found no body but a Lady bereft of her Understanding? In effect, she had been so tormented by the *Duenna* that she was run mad. She continued some time in deep Thought, then on a sudden imagining she was the fair *Angelica*, besieg'd by the *Tartars* in the Fortress of *Albraca*, she consider'd all the Men that were in her Room, as so many *Paladins*
come

come to her Assistance. She took the Captain of the Holy Brotherhood for *Orlando*, *Lizana* for *Brandismart*, *Julio* for *Hubert* of the *Lion*, and the Archers for *Antifort*, *Clarion*, *Adrian*, and the two Sons of the Marquis *Oliver*. She receiv'd them with great Politeness, saying, Brave Knights, I no longer fear the Emperor *Agrican*, nor Queen *Marphisa* : Your Valour is able to defend me against all the Force of the Universe.

At this extravagant Discourse, the Officer and Archers could not help laughing. But it was far otherwise with *Don Ximenes*, who, sensibly afflicted to see his Mistress in so sad a Condition for his sake, was, in his turn, near losing his Senses. However he still flatter'd himself, she might be brought to herself, and in this hope, My dear *Emerenciana*, said he with a tender Air, see here your *Lizana*. Recollect your wandering Thoughts. Know that our Misfortunes are at an End. Heaven would not suffer two
Hearts,

Hearts, it had joined, to be separated : and the inhuman Parent, who has used us so ill, can now no longer cross our Designs.

The Daughter of King *Galafron's* Answer to this, was a Discourse addressed to the valiant Defenders of *Albraca*, who for once forbore laughing. The Commandant himself, tho' naturally very far from being tender-hearted, felt some touches of Compassion, and said to *Don Ximenes*, whom he saw born down by his Grief, Signior Cavalier, do not despair of your Mistress's Recovery. You have Physicians at *Siguença*, who by their Skill may accomplish it. But let us not stay here any longer. You, Lord *Hubert* of the Lion, added he, speaking to *Julio*, you know where the Stables of the Castle are, take with you *Antifort*, and the two Sons of the Marquis *Oliver*. Chuse the best Steeds there, and put them into the Princess's Chariot. In the mean time I will draw up my Informations.

Upon

Upon this, he took out of his Pocket an Inkhorn and Paper, and having written what he thought proper, presented his Hand to *Angelica* to help her to go down into the Court-yard, where by the Care of the *Paladins*, they found a Coach with four Mules ready to set out. He put the Lady and *Don Ximenes* into it, and then went in himself; he took the *Duenna* with him too, whose Deposition he thought the *Corregidor* would be glad of. That was not all; by the Captain of the Brigade's Order, *Julio* was loaded with Irons, and put into another Coach with *Don Guillem's* Corpse. The Archers then remounted their Horses, and they all set out for *Siguença*.

During their Journey, *Stephani's* Daughter said a thousand extravagant things, which were so many Daggers to her Lover. He could not look on the *Duenna* without falling into a Passion. It is you, cruel old Hag, said he, it is you that have harrafs'd

harrass'd *Emerenciana* by your cruel Treatment, and turned her Brain. The Governante excus'd herself with an hypocritical Air, and threw all the blame on the Deceased. It is to *Don Guillem* only, answered she, that this Misfortune is owing. That too severe Parent came every Day, and terrified his Daughter with his Menaces, which at last made her run mad.

As soon as the Commandant arrived at *Siguença*, he went and gave an Account of his Commission to the *Corregidor*, who upon the spot interrogated *Julio* and the *Duenna*, and sent them to Prisons in the City, where they still remain. He also examined *Lizana*, who then took his Leave, and went home to his Father's, where he turn'd their Sorrow and Uneasiness into Joy. As for *Donna Emerenciana*, the *Corregidor* took care to send her to *Madrid*, where she had an Uncle by her Mother's side. This good Relation,

lation, who only wanted to have the Administration of his Neice's Estate, could not handsomely avoid appearing to desire her Recovery, and applied to the most celebrated Physicians: nor had he any Occasion to repent it, for after all their Pains had been thrown away, they pronounced her incurable. Upon this Decision, the Guardian immediately shut up his Charge here, where, according to all Probability, she will spend the rest of her Days.

Cruel Destiny, cry'd *Don Cleofas*! I am heartily concerned for her. *Donna Emerenciana* deserved a better Fate. And what is become of *Don Ximenes*? continued he; I should be glad to know what Resolution he has taken. A very reasonable one, replied *Asmodeo*. When he saw the Evil was without Remedy, he sat out for new *Spain*: he hopes his Travels will by degrees wear out of his Mind the Remembrance of a Lady, whom his Reason and Repose

require he should forget——But, pursued the Devil, having shewn you the confin'd mad Folks, I must let you see those who deserve to be so.



C H A P. X.

The Matter of which is inexhaustible.

LET's turn our Eyes towards the City, and as I shall discover to you some Subjects which very well deserve to be placed amongst those that are here, I will give you their respective Characters. I see one already which I will not suffer to escape. 'Tis a new-marry'd Man, who eight Days since was told of the coquetting Tricks of a Jilt that he lov'd; enrag'd he goes to her, breaks one part of her Furniture, throws another out of the Window,

Window, and the next Day marries her. Such a Man as this, said *Don Cleofas*, certainly deserves the first Vacancy in this House. He has a Neighbour not much wiser than himself, reply'd *Asmodeo*: 'tis a Batchelor of forty five, who has sufficient to live on, and yet would enter himself in a Nobleman's Service. I see a Lawyer's Widow, a good Woman who is above sixty; her Husband is just dead, and she has enter'd herself into a Nunnery to secure her Reputation, as she says, from Scandal.

I discern a couple of Virgins of above fifty, each making Vows to Heaven to take their Father, who keeps them up as close as tho' they were under Age. They hope, after the old Gentleman's Death, they shall find handsome Men that will marry them for Love. And why not? said the Scholar: There are Men in the World of as whimsical a Taste as that. I grant it, reply'd

the Devil, 'tis not impossible they should find Husbands, but they ought not to flatter themselves with such Hopes; 'tis therein consists their Folly.

There is no Country in the World where the Women tell their Age truly. About a Month since, a Maid of forty eight, and a Wife of sixty nine, went before a Commissary to testify for a Widow of their Acquaintance whose Virtue was questioned. The Commissary first interrogated the married Woman on her Age, and tho' it was as plainly express'd in her Forehead as in the Church Register, she yet boldly ventur'd to say she was but forty. He next interrogated the Maiden: And you, Madam, said he, how old are you? Let's pass on to the other Questions, Sir, answered she, for this is an improper one to put to us. You don't consider what you say, Madam, reply'd the Commissary; don't you know that in judicial

dicial Cases the Truth ought always to be told? No Law obliges us to it, answered the Maiden hastily. But then I cannot take your Deposition, said he, if your Age be not to it, for it is a material Circumstance. If 'tis absolutely necessary, reply'd she, look upon me intently, and put my Age down according to your Conscience.

The Commissary looked in her Face, and was polite enough to set her down twenty eight. He then asked whether she had long known the Widow: Before her Marriage, said she. Then I have mistaken your Age, reply'd he, in setting you down but twenty eight, for it is twenty nine Years since the Widow was married. Well, Sir, returned the Maiden, write me down thirty then; I might at a Year old know the Widow. That will not be regular, reply'd he, let us add a dozen. No indeed, interrupted she; all that I can possibly afford to add is one
N 3 Year

Year more, and I would not put a Month more if it were to save my Honour.

When these two Ladies were gone from the Commissary's, the married Woman said to the other, I wonder that impertinent Fellow should take us for such Fools as to tell our Ages truly: 'Tis not enough indeed that they are register'd in the Parish Books, but the rude Fellow would have them upon his Papers, that all the World may know them. Would it not be fine to hear it haul'd out in Court, Mrs. Richards aged so many Years, and Mrs. Perinelle aged forty five Years, depose so and so. Well, I banter'd him sufficiently; I sunk a good round twenty Years upon him, and you have done very well in suppressing so many. What do you call so many? answer'd the Maiden very smartly: You rally me, I am at most but five and thirty. Hah! replied the other with an angry Air, who do you tell

tell so? I saw you born; 'tis a long time since indeed; I remember I saw your Father die; he was not young, and he hath been dead about forty Years. Oh my Father, my Father, hastily interrupted the Virgin, enraged at the other's Freedom; betwixt you and I, when my Father married my Mother he was so old he was not able to get Children.

I observe in the same House, continu'd the Spirit, two Men who are not over-wise: one is the only Son of the Family, who can neither keep any Money, nor be without it. When he is flush of Money he buys Books, and when it begins to be low with him, he sells them for half what they cost him. The other is a foreign Painter, who draws Women by the Life: he is a great Artist, he paints well, draws correctly, and hits a Likeness extraordinary well, but does not flatter; and yet is so vain as to think he should be

crouded with Business. *Inter Stultos referatur.*

How, said the Scholar; you speak *Latin* to a Miracle! Ought you to wonder at that? said the Devil; I speak all Languages in Perfection, even not excepting that of *Athens*, which I speak a hundred times better than a certain Set of Men who at present value themselves on speaking well, and yet I am neither the greater Fool, nor the vainer for it.

Cast your Eye into that great House on the left hand, on a sick Lady, surrounded by several Women who watch with her. 'Tis the Widow of a famous rich Architect, who is over-run with an Affectation of Nobility: She has this Day made her Will, by which she bequeaths her immense Riches wholly to Persons of the first Quality; not that she so much as knows any one of them, but only for the sake of their great Titles. She was ask'd whether she would not leave something

thing to a certain Person who had done her considerable Services: Alas no, answered she, and I am concern'd at it: I am not so ungrateful as not to own that I have Obligations to him; but he is but a Yeoman, and his Name would disgrace my Will.

Signior *Asmodea*, interrupted *Don Cleofas*, I beg you would inform me whether that old Man whom I see reading so hard in a Closet may not perhaps deserve to be placed here? He deserves it beyond dispute, answer'd the *Dæmon*. He is an old *Licenciado* in Divinity, and is reading a Proof of a Book he has at the Press. The Subject must certainly be moral or divine, said the Scholar: No, reply'd the Devil, 'tis a Miscellany of lewd Poems which he has written; instead of burning them, or at least suffering them to die with their Author, he prints them in his Life-time, for fear his Heirs should not be inclin'd to publish them af-

ter his Death ; or out of regard to his Character, should deprive them of all their Salt and Spirit.

I should do wrong to pass by a simple Woman, I discover in a little House. She is so much possessed with her very little Merit, that she is drawing up a List of her Lovers, in which she inserts all Men in general who ever spoke to her.

But let us come to a rich Canon that I discern about two Paces farther, tainted with a very particular Folly. He lives frugally, tho' tis neither for Mortification, nor Sobriety : but to amass Riches. For what ? To distribute in Alms ? No. He buys Pictures, rich Furniture, Jewels, China, and Baubles ; not to enjoy the use of them during his Life, but only to make a Figure in his Inventory.

What you tell me is unnatural and forced, interrupted *Don Cleofas*. Is there really a Man in the World of this Character ? Yes, I tell you,
reply'd

reply'd the Devil, he is one of that sort of Madmen. Does he, for Instance, buy a very fine *Scritore*; he causes it to be pack'd up neatly, and locked up in his Garret, that it may appear perfectly new to the Brokers who are to buy it after his Death. In short, he pleases himself with the Thoughts that the Inventory of his Goods will be admired.

Let us proceed to one of his Neighbours, whom you will think full as mad; he is a Batchelor, and lately arrived at *Madrid* from the *Philippine* Islands with a vast Estate, left him by his Father, who was Auditor of the Court of *Manilla*; his Conduct is very extraordinary: for he is to be seen passing the whole Day in the Antichamber of the King, and of the chief Minister. Not that he has the Ambition to sollicite any great Post; no, he neither desires nor asks any. How then! say you, does he go thither purely to make his Court. You are farther off

off still: he never speaks to the Minister, neither is he known to him, nor desires to be so. What then can his Motive be? Why this: He would persuade the World he has an Interest.

A very diverting Original, cry'd the Scholar bursting into a Laugh! but this is giving ones self a great deal of Trouble to very little Purpose; and I think you are in the right to rank him amongst such mad People as ought to be confined. Oh! as to that, replied *Asmodeo*, I shall shew you a great many more whom it would be wrong to think a whit more in their Senses: for example, do but look into that great House where you see so many Wax Tapers lighted up, and three Men and two Ladies round a Table. Now these People have just supp'd, and are at present sat down to Cards in order to spend the rest of the Night, after which they will part: and this is the Life these Gentlemen and Ladies

dies lead. They meet regularly every Night, and part at day-break to go sleep, till Darkness has banish'd the Day; for they have renounced the Sight of the Sun, and of the Beauties of Nature. Would you not say, to see them in the midst of so many Candles, that they are so many dead People waiting for the last Office being done them? Well then, said *Don Cleofas*, there is no Occasion for shutting them up, they are shut up already.

I see in the Arms of Sleep, replied the Cripple, a Man whom I love, and who has a particular Affection for me, a Man moulded according to my Heart's Desire. He is an old Graduate, who idolizes the fair Sex. You cannot mention a pretty Girl to him, but you find he listens to you with an extraordinary Pleasure. If you tell him she has a small Mouth, red Lips, Ivory Teeth, or a Complexion of Alabaster: in a Word, if you are the least particular in your Description

Description ; he sighs at every Feature, turns up his Eyes, and dissolves in Raptures. It is but two Days since passing by a Shoemaker's Shop in *Alcala* Street, he stopp'd short to admire a very small Woman's Slipper he saw there ; and having survey'd it with much more Attention than it deserved, he said, with a dying Air, to a Gentleman that was with him, Ah, my dear Friend, there's a Slipper that enchants me ! What a charming pretty Foot that must be, that it was made for ! But let us be gone, for I am too much pleas'd with it, and it is dangerous to go thro' this Street.

We must mark this Graduate with Black, said *Leandro Perez*. Right, reply'd the Devil, we must so ; nor must his next Neighbour be mark'd with White ; an Original of an Auditor, who because he has an Equipage, blushes with Shame whenever he is oblig'd to make use of a Hackney-Coach. And I think we may

may place in the same Rank one of his Relations, a *Licenciado*, who tho' he has a Dignity of a vast Revenue in a Church at *Madrid*, yet almost perpetually goes in a Hackney-Coach to save two very neat ones, and four fine Mules of his own.

In the Neighbourhood of the worthy Graduate and Auditor, I perceive a Man who must not be deny'd the Justice of being placed amongst the mad Folks; a Cavalier of sixty making Love to a young Creature. He sees her every Day, and thinks to be agreeable to her, by entertaining her with the Conquests he made in his younger Days, and would have her esteem him for his having been formerly handsome.

In the same Number with this Gentleman, let us place another who is asleep about ten Paces from us, a *French* Count who is come to *Madrid* to see the *Spanish* Court. This old Nobleman is upwards of seventy,
and

and in his Youth made a Figure at the Court of his own King : All the World at that time admir'd his Shape, and gallant Air, but his Taste and manner of Dress charmed every body. Now this Gentleman has preserved all his Cloaths, and worn them these fifty Years in spite of the Mode, which in his Country changes every Day. But the most diverting Circumstance is, that he imagines he has the same Graces at this Day which were admired in him in his Youth.

We need not consider upon this Matter, said *Don Cleofas*, let this *French* Lord go into the Number of those that ought to be Boarders at the *casa de los locos*. I keep a Room there, replied the *Dæmon*, for a Lady that lives in a Garret on one side the Count's Palace. She is an elderly Widow, who out of excess of Tendernefs to her Children, has made over all her Estate to them, except a very small Allowance to
subsist

subsist on, which her Children are obliged to make her, and which out of Gratitude they take great Care not to pay.

I must likewise send thither an old Batchelor of a good Family, who no sooner has a Guinea in his Pocket than it is gone; and yet not being able to support the want of Money, will do any thing to come at it. About a Fortnight ago his Landress, to whom he ow'd thirty Pistoles, came and desir'd he would pay her, telling him she wanted it in order to be married to a *Valet de Chambre* who courted her. Thou must have other Money then, said he, for what Devil of a *Valet de Chambre* would have thee for fifty Pistoles? Oh dear! yes, Sir, said she, I have two hundred Ducats besides. Two hundred Ducats, said he eagerly! Gadso! Thou hast nothing to do, but to give them to me, and I will have thee, and so we are even. His Landress took him at his Word, and is now his Wife.

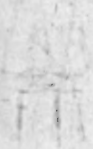
Let

Let us keep three Places for those three Men just come from Supper in the City, who are now stepping into that House on the right, where they live. One of them is a Count who sets up for a Lover of polite Learning: The other is his Brother, a *Licenciado*; and the third is a Wit, that hangs on 'em. They are always inseparable, and never visit asunder. The Count's sole business is to praise himself; that of the *Licenciado*, to praise his elder Brother and himself: But the Wit's business is of a larger Extent, he praises both of them, intermixing his own Commendations with theirs.

Two more Places must be kept; one for an old Citizen, a great Florist, who having scarce enough to subsist on, is for keeping a Gardener and his Wife, to look after a dozen of Flowers in his Garden. The other is an Actor, who complaining of the Disadvantages incident to that way of Life, said the other Day

to.





to some of his Companions, Indeed Gentlemen, I am very much tired with this Profession, nay I would rather be an inconsiderable Country Gentleman of a thousand Ducats a year.

Let me turn on which Side I will, continued the Spirit, I meet with nothing but People disorder'd in their Senses. There is a Knight of *Calatrava*, so proud and vain of private Conversations with the Daughter of a Grandee, that he thinks himself upon a footing with the most considerable Persons at Court. He is like *Villius*, who fancied himself *Sylla's* Son-in-law, because he was well with the Dictator's Daughter. The Comparison is the more pat, as this Knight, like the *Roman*, has a *Longareus* a good for nothing Fellow of a Rival, that is more in her good Graces than himself.

One would be apt to say that the same Men from time to time spring up again, only with different Features.

tures. For in that Minister's Secretary one may discover *Bollanus* who kept no Measures with any body, and affronted every Man whose Countenance did not please him: In that old President one sees *Fufidius* over again, who us'd to lend his Money at five *per Cent.* per Month: And *Marsæus*, who gave his Family-Seat to the Comedian *Origo*, lives again in that Heir of the Family, who is wasting in Debauchery the Money he received for a Country House he has near the *Escorial*, with an Actress. *Asmodeo* was going on, when on a sudden he heard the tuning of Instruments, upon which he broke off, and said to *Don Cleofas*; At the Corner of this Street there are some Musicians going to serenade the Daughter of an *Alcalde* of the Court: and if you have a Mind to be nearer the Diversion, you need only speak. I love those Concerts mightily, answered *Zambullo*; let us go nearer

nearer the Musick, perhaps there may be Voices amongst them. He had scarce spoken when he found himself upon the House adjoining to that of the *Alcalde*.

The Instruments began the Concert with several *Italian* Airs, after which two Voices sung the following Couplets alternately.

First Couplet.

*Si de tu Hermosura quieres
Una Copia can mil Gracias ;
Escucha, porque pretendo
El pintar la.*

Second Couplet.

*Es tu frente toda Nieve
Y el albastro ; batallas
Offreció al Amor, baziendo
En ella vaya.*

Third

Third Couplet.

*Amor labrò de tus cejas
 Dos arcos para su Aljaba
 Y debaxo ba descubierto
 Quien le mata.*

Fourth Couplet.

*Eres Duena de el lugar,
 Vandolera de las almas,
 Iman de los Alvedrios,
 Linda albaja.*

Fifth Couplet.

*Un rasgo de tu Hermosura
 Quisiera yo retratar la,
 Que es Estrella, es Cielo, es Sol;
 No es sino el Alba.*

First Couplet.

Would you see a Copy of those
 Charms, and that Beauty of yours;
 listen, for I am going to paint 'em.

Second

Second Couplet.

Your Face is all of Snow and Alabaster, it has defied Love, who laughed at it.

Third Couplet.

Love has made of your Eye-brows two Bows for his Quiver ; but he has discover'd below them, who it is that wounds him.

Fourth Couplet.

You are the Sovereign of this Place, the stealer of Hearts, the Diamond of Desires, a fine Jewel.

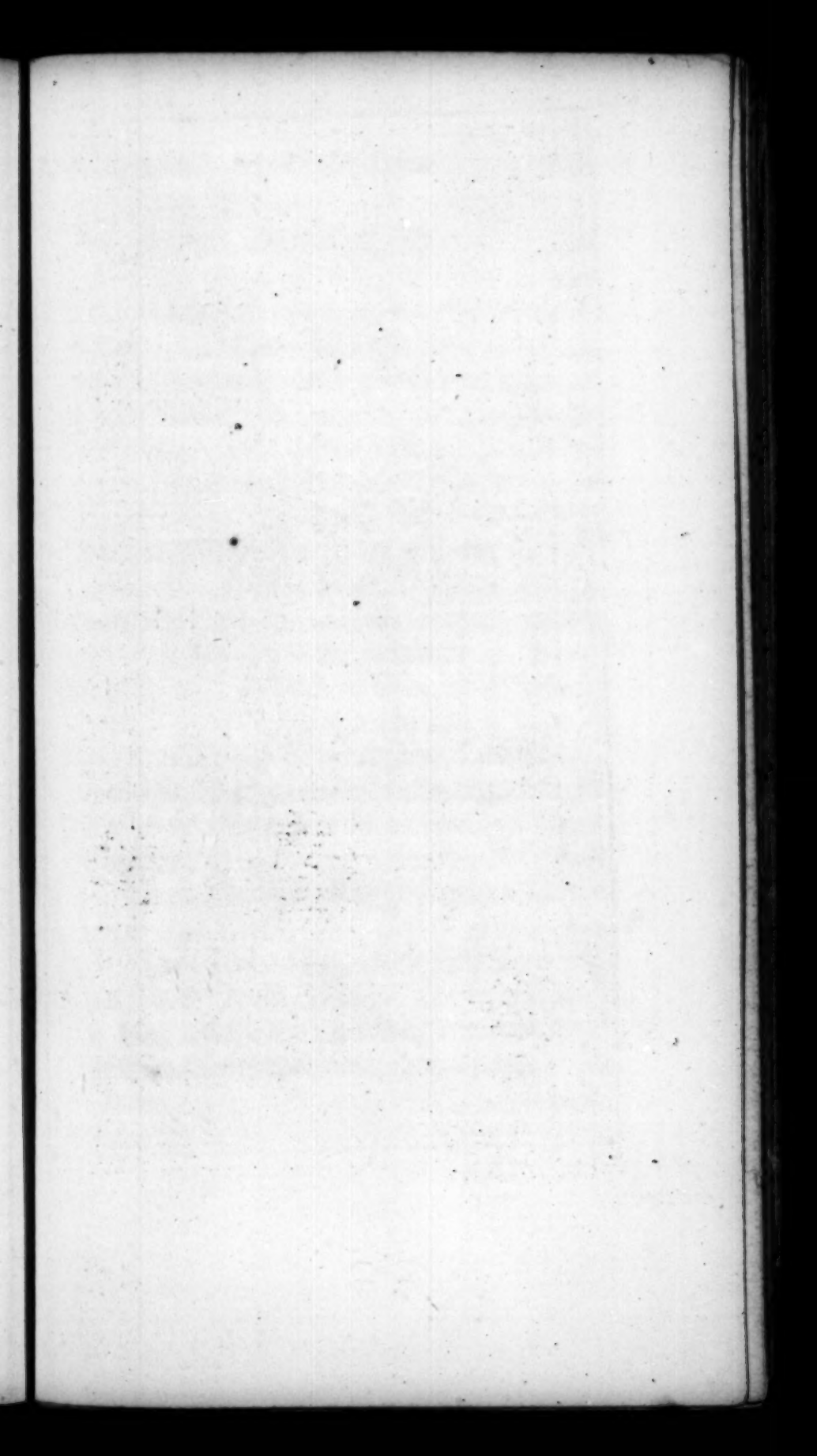
Fifth Couplet.

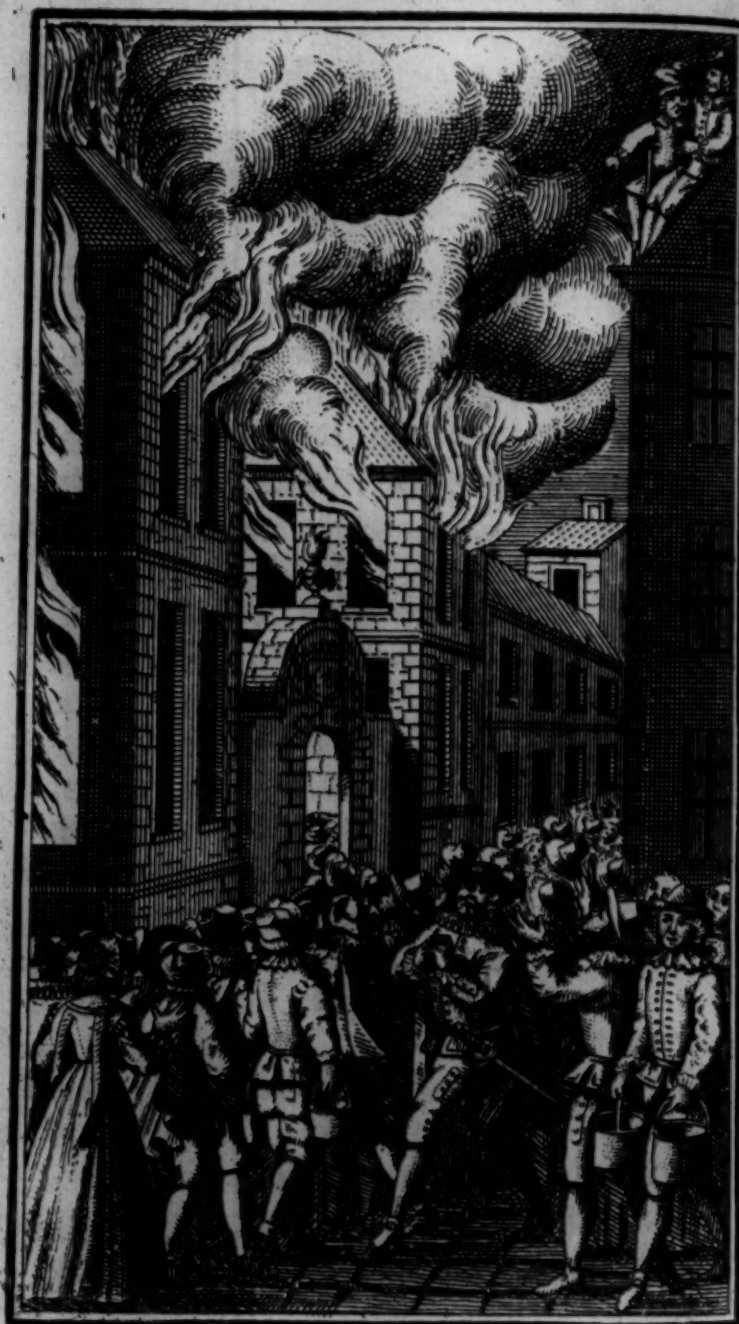
I would fain, with one Stroke, describe your Beauty. It is a Star, a Heaven, a Sun ; No, it is nothing but the Morning.

These

These Couplets are gallant and delicate, said the Scholar; that is because you are a *Spaniard*, said the *Dæmon*; were they translated into *French*, they would not be much admir'd. Readers of that Nation would not like the figurative Expressions, but would discover in them a whimsical Imagination that would set them a laughing. Every Nation is prepossess'd in favour of its own Taste and Genius. But let us have done with those Couplets, continu'd he, for you are going to hear another kind of Musick.

Follow with your Eye those four Men that on a sudden appear in the Street; see they fall upon the Musick, who make use of their Instruments to defend themselves, but they, not being able to withstand the force of the Blows, fly into a thousand Shivers. And now two Gentlemen come to their Assistance, one of which gave the Serenade. See with





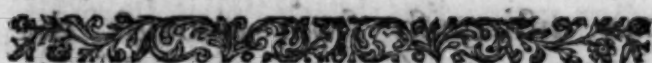
with what Fury they charge the Aggressors, who being of equal Courage and Address receive them with a good grace. What a Fire flashes from their Swords! See, one of the Defenders of the Concert falls; and it is he that gave it. He is mortally wounded. His Companion who perceives it takes to his Heels, the Aggressors too make off, and the Music disappear. Only the poor unfortunate Cavalier, whose Sere-nade cost him his Life, remains there upon the spot. Observe at the same time the *Alcalde's* Daughter, who from her Window is observing every thing that has pass'd; and is so proud and vain of her Beauty, tho' a very ordinary Creature, that instead of being sorry for the sad Effects of it, the cruel Wretch applauds herself for it, and thinks herself more handsome upon that account.

But that is not all, added he; you see another Gentleman, who,
 VOL. I. O coming

coming up to him that lies wallowing in his own Blood, endeavours if possible, to help him; but while he is employed in so charitable an Office, you see he is seiz'd by the Watch that come in upon him, and is dragged to Prison, where he will remain a long time, nor will it cost him less than if he had been really the Murtherer.

Good God! exclaim'd *Zambullo*, how many Misfortunes have happen'd to-night! Yes, reply'd the Devil, and yet that will not be the last. At this moment, if you were at the Gate of the Sun, you would be startled at a sight that will soon present itself. By the Carelessness of a Servant, the Fire has taken hold of a great House, and already reduced a great many valuable things to Ashes. But whatever valuable Effects it may consume, *Don Pedro de Escolano*, whose unfortunate House it is, will not regret the Loss of them if he can save his only Daughter

ter *Seraphina*, who is in danger of being burnt. *Don Cleofas* desiring to be an Eye-witness of the Fire, the Cripple that Instant flew with him to a large House directly over-against that where the Fire was.



CH A P. XI.

Of the Fire, and what Asmodeo did on that occasion out of Friendship to Don Cleofas.

IMmediately they heard a confus'd Noise of People crying out *Fire*, and calling for Water. Presently they saw the great Stair-case leading to the best Apartment of *Don Pedro's* House all on Fire: and in a minute, Clouds of Flames and Smoke issuing out at the Windows.

The Fire rages, said the *Dæmon*; it is already mounted to the Roof, and begins to make its way out by it, and fill the Air with Sparks; and is got to such a height, that though the People flock from all Parts to extinguish it, they can do no more than stand by as Spectators. You may distinguish from amongst the Croud an old Gentleman in a Night-gown, he is the Signior *de Escolano*. How he cries and takes on! he is addressing himself to the People that are about him, and conjuring them to go fetch out his Daughter; but the great Reward he promises them is to no purpose, for no body will expose his own Life for that Lady, who is a perfect Beauty, and but sixteen Years of Age. He tears his Hair and Mustachios, seeing his Prayers and Entreaties for Assistance are in vain; he beats his Breast, and out of excess of Grief behaves like a Madman. On the other side, *Seraphina*, in her Apartment, deserted by

by her Women, is swoon'd away with the fright, and will in a little time be stifled by the thick Smoke, for no mortal Man has it in his Power to help her.

Ah! Signior *Asmodeo*, cry'd *Leandro Perez*, mov'd by a generous Compassion, yield, I beg you, to the Emotions of Pity which I feel, and do not reject the Entreaties I make you to rescue this Lady from impending Death. It is the only Recompence I ask for the Service I have done you. Do not oppose my Desires, as you did just now, for I shall die with Grief if you refuse me.

The Devil smil'd to hear the Scholar talk thus; Signior *Zambullo*, said he, you have all the Qualifications of a true Knight-Errant; you have Bravery, a Compassion for the Sufferings of others, and a great Readiness to serve the Ladies; have not you a mind to throw yourself into the midst of those Flames, like an *Amadis*, in order to deliver *Sera-*

phina, and restore her safe and sound to her Father? Would to Heaven the thing were possible, answer'd *Don Cleofas*, I would undertake it without a moment's Hesitation: Yes, reply'd the Devil, and Death would be the Reward of so fine an Exploit. For I have already told you, that human Valour can be of no Service here, and it must be myself that undertakes the Affair to oblige you; pray see how I go about it, and observe all my Operations.

These Words were hardly out of his Mouth, when putting on the Likeness of *Leandro Perez*, to the Scholar's great Amazement, he slipped among the Crowd, pressed thro', and darted into the midst of the Flames as into his proper Element, in the sight of the Spectators, who were terrified at the Action, and shew'd their dislike of it by a general Shriek. What Madman is this, said one, how can Interest have blinded him so far? Were he not entirely

entirely bereft of his Senses, the promised Reward would have been no Temptation for him. This rash young Fellow, said another, must certainly be a Lover of *Don Pedro's* Daughter, who push'd on by excess of Grief, must have resolv'd to rescue his Mistress, or die in the Attempt.

In short, they gave him up to * *Empedocles's* Fate, when in a moment they saw him break through the Flames with *Seraphina* in his Arms. The Air rang with the Acclamations of the People, who could not sufficiently praise the brave Cavalier, that had perform'd so fine an Action: for when Rashness is crown'd with Success, it finds none to blame it, and though it was a Prodigy, it appear'd as the bare Consequence of *Spanish* Courage.

* *A Poet and Philosopher of Sicily, who threw himself into the Flames of Mount Ætna.*

As the Lady was still in her Swoon, her Father did not dare to give himself up to Joy; but was afraid, that after being so happily rescued from the Flames, she might die in his sight, by the terrible Impressions which the Danger she had run must have made on her Brain. But he was soon put out of his Fears, for she came to herself by the Care that was taken of her; and casting her Eyes on the old Gentleman with an Air of Tenderneſs, Sir, said she, I should be more afflicted than rejoiced to find my Life preserv'd, if yours was not too. Ah! my dear Child, answer'd he, embracing her, since you are safe, I am not concern'd for any thing else. Let us return our Thanks, continued he, at the same time presenting the counterfeit *Don Cleofas* to her, let us both return our Thanks to this young Gentleman our Deliverer, it is to him you owe your Life. We cannot be grateful enough to him;

him; nor is the promised Reward sufficient to bring us out of his Debt.

Here the Devil took up the Discourse, and very gallantly said to *Don Pedro*, My Lord, the Reward you propos'd had no share in the Service which I have had the Happiness to do you. I am a Gentleman, and a *Castilian*; the Pleasure of drying up your Tears, and of preserving from the Flames the charming Object they were going to consume, is more than a sufficient Recompence for me.

The Disinterestedness and Generosity of their Deliverer inspired the Signior *de Escolano* with a vast Esteem for him: he invited him to come and see him, and desir'd his Friendship in return for his own: which he offer'd him; and then: after a great many Compliments on both sides, the old Gentleman and his Daughter retir'd to a little Apartment they had at the end of the

Garden. After this the Devil went back to the Scholar, who seeing him return in his first Form, said, Sir *Damon*, either my Eyes deceive me, or you were just now in my likeness. Yes, Sir, said the Cripple, I was, and hope you will pardon me for it when I acquaint you with the reasons for that Metamorphosis. I have formed a great Design, for I intend you shall marry *Seraphina*, and under your Features, have inspir'd her with a violent Passion for your Lordship. *Don Pedro* too is very well pleas'd with you, because I told him very gallantly that my only view in rescuing his Daughter, was the Pleasure of obliging them both, and that the Honour of happily putting an end to so dangerous an Affair was Recompence enough for a Gentleman and a *Spaniard*. The good Man, who has a great Soul, will not be out-done in Generosity, and, I must tell you, is this moment considering whether he shall not
make

make you his Son-in-law, that his Gratitude may keep pace with the Obligation he thinks he has to you.


Whilst he is determining, I will carry you to another Place, and divert you with different Objects.



I N-

Chap. XI. upon the same

make you his son-in-law, that his



I N D E X

To the First Volume.

A.

Accomptant, a rich old one troubled in Conscience, resolves to found a Monastery, pag. 46.

Actor, his Recommendation to a Mad-house, 282.

Age, Women never tell theirs truly, 268.

Ajax, how *Pallas* reveng'd his Rape on *Cassandra*, 241.

Alchymist, describ'd, 37, 38.

Apothecary, how employ'd with his Wife and Apprentice, 38.

Archelaus, King of *Macedon*, his Method of bestowing Favours, 237.

Ashtaroth, what sort of Devil he is, 6.

Asmodeo, the Surname of the Devil upon two Sticks, 7.

Assassins in *Spain*, their Price for cutting of Throats, 154.

Attorney, what the Devil has he to do with the Stage, 28. One that shuts up his cross old Grand-mother in a Mad-house to be rid of her, 242.

Auditor,

I N D E X.

Auditor, one that was fit for a Mad-house, 278.

Aurora runs away from her Husband with a young Fellow in Petticoats, 230.

Author and a Compiler, the Difference, 142.

B.

B *Atchelors*, Two qualify'd for *Bedlam*; one of them a Rich one, who went to Court purely to make the World believe he had an Interest, 276. The other an old one who borrow'd Money of his Landress, and then married her, 281.

Bakers Devil, who he is, 6.

Banker, Son to a Cobler, his unexpected Return, and Generosity to his Parents, 218.

Beauty, the dearest Consideration to Women, 241. The Loss of it made an old Lady run mad, 242.

Beau Griffael, whose Devil he is, 43.

Beaux Esprits. Instance of a Man who run mad after he had spent his All upon 'em, 238.

Beggar, rich one, whose Daughter goes for an Heiress, 211.

Begging one of the best Trades, and why every body does not take to it, 212.

Belflor's Amours with *Leonora*, 54, &c. to 138. His Intrigue discover'd by her Father,

I N D E X.

- Father**, 94. His Reflections on his Conduct to her, 110, &c.
- Belphegor**, what sort of Devil is he? 6.
- Belzebub**, whose Devil is he? 6.
- Benefice**, Despair in the Pursuit of one turn'd the Man's Brains, and made him in Imagination Archbishop of *Toledo*, 221.
- Billet-doux**, a ridiculous one, 176. The Answer, 177.
- Blunderbuss**, the Wealth of a Gentleman owing to the Discharge of it, 168.
- Bollanus's** Character, 284.
- Brain and Stomach**, Remedies to fortify them, 147.
- Bravo's** or *Ruffians*, *Spanish*, their Wages, 154.
- Bribe**, the Power of it, 67.
- Brothers**, two die of the same Disease, the one with Physick, the other without any, 50.
- Brother**, Elder, advis'd not to go a Setting with the Younger, 168.
- Bullies at Madrid**, 2. They carouse with *Zambullo's* Mistress at his Cost, 148.
- Butchers Devil**, who is he? 6.

C.

C*Alatrava*, Knight of, proud of conversing with a *Grandee's* Daughter, and therefore recommended to a Madhouse, 283.

Cali-

I N D E X.

Galigula's Precaution when he went to his
Mistress, 140.

Canon, a very unfortunate one, 50. A rich
one recommended to a Mad-house for
fooling away his Money in Bawbles only
to make a Figure in his Inventory, 274,
275.

Castilian, Character of a true one in point
of Love, 234.

Ghild, 'tis a wise one that knows his own
Father, 189.

Chirurgeon who made himself Practice by
wounding Passengers, 166.

Chymistry, what Devil introduced it, 7.

Citizen's Wife, the dismal Effect the Name
had upon a Court Lady, 239.

Clerk in Chancery, his Devil, 43.

Coach, the Devil's, a very easy and expedi-
tious one, 21, 22.

Cobler that won't leave off his Trade for the
Wealth of the *Indies*, 214 to 219.

Companions, three inseparable ones, always
praising each other, prick'd down for the
Mad-house, 282.

Compiler prov'd to be only a Methodical
Pilferer, 142.

Conjugal Love not very powerful, 232, 233.

Conjuror's Garret describ'd, 3, 4.

Coquets, a superannuated one describ'd, 32.
Their Diffimulation, 53. Their Counter-
Part, 33. A Man that married one, 267.

Cosmo, Don, his Foppery, 170, 171.

Covetous

I N D E X.

- Covetous* Wretch describ'd, 31, 32.
Cough, Remedies for it, 147.
Count, an old-fashion'd *French* one, who thinks himself as fine as ever in his old Cloaths, 280.
Country, how the Honour of it touches some Men, 221.
Court Spirits, who they are, and what they do, 6.
Courtiers Ingratitude in neglecting an old Servant, 237.
Cupid, who the Devil was he? 8.

D.

- D***ancing-master* imprison'd for teaching one of his Misses a false Step, 154.
Daughters Mirth for the Death of a Father who would not let them marry, 196, &c.
Debauchery, what Devil introduced it, 7.
Debt, a great Lord in Debt sleeps sound, 139.
Dedication ready writ, with a Blank to be fill'd up with the Name of the Patron, 40.
Dedications seldom paid for now-a-days, 41.
 A Lady composes her own, *ibid.*
Deluge, Universal, the Tragedy so call'd, 40.
DEVIL upon Two Sticks, what sort of a Devil was He? 1, 7, 12. His Confinement in a Phial, 4. His Deliverance, 9, 10. His Promises to *Zambullo*, 10, 11. Flights with him, 21, 148, 191, 285. His Dress, 12, 13, 16. Why he put on the Habit of a *French* Marquis, 16. How he

I N D E X.

- he came to be Lame, 16, 17. His Fear of the Conjuror, 17, 18. How he came to disoblige the Conjuror, 20. His Agility, tho' a Cripple, 17, 21. His Flight with *Zambullo*, and Survey of *Madrid*, 21 to 23. He untiles the Houses there, 22. His Fear of *Pillardoc*, and Dispute with him about a Gentleman's Son, 36, 37. He speaks all Languages, 272. He puts on the Shape of *Zambullo*, and rescues a Lady that he admir'd, from the Flames, 295.
- Devils* of the first Rank, who they are, and what they do, 6. Their Ignorance of Futurity, 19. One stands at a Clerk's Elbow, 43.
- Dignitary*, a wealthy one of the Church, who has two neat Coaches of his own, and rides in a Hack to save 'em, fit for *Bedlam*, 279.
- Divine*: the Reason why a Divine publish'd a Miscellany of lewd Poems in his Lifetime, 274.
- Divito*, Signior, the Devil's Twin Brother, 27, 28. His Influence on Lovers, 29. His Machiavilian Knowledge, 29, 30.
- Domingo's* Revenge on *Don Casmo* for whipping him, 169 to 188.
- Donna Emerenciana*, the Story of her turning mad, 244 to 266.
- Donna Thomasa*, Bullies quarrel for her, 150. Their Commitment to Prison, and the

I N D E X:

the Description of that, and its Inhabitants, 150, &c.

Donna Fabula, her Husband in a Fluster on her being brought to Bed, while her Gallant that cuckolded him is snoring in his Bed, 35, &c.

Don Pedro, his Character and Amour, 113, 128, &c. His Duel, 116. He goes with *Belflor* to his Sister's Apartment unknown, and the Consequence, 119, &c. His House on Fire, 290, &c.

Dotard amorous, describ'd, 32, 33.

Draper, the Complaisance of a Lord to him, 140.

E.

E*mpedocles* his Fate, 295.

Escolano, Signor, his House on Fire, and Concern for his Daughter in the Flames, 292.

Extortion, hellish, practis'd by a Religious Usurer, 192.

F.

F*aults* of one's own and other Mens, how differently estimated, 49.

Female Fortune hunter, 196, 197.

Fiesta del Sotillo, a Dance peculiar to the Spaniards, 183.

Fire at the House of *Don Pedro*, 290, &c.

Flagel, What sort of a Devil is he? 7.

Florist, a poor one, who kept a Gardiner and his Wife to look after a Dozen of Flowers, reckon'd a Mad-man, 282.

Fortune-

I N D E X.

Fortune-Tellers, their Impositions, 19.
French Lover and a *Spanish Lover*, how
 they differ, 234, 235.
Eufidius his Usury, 284.

G.

G *Allant* serenades his Mistress, 45, 46.
Gallantry, Difference betwixt *Spanish*
 and *French*, 154, 155.
Gamesters kill each other in a Duel, 48.
Goalers inhuman Villains, 152.
Garnish Money, a Prisoner beat for not pay-
 ing it, 190.
Gentlemen Ushers, what Devil is theirs? 6.
Gentleman to a Dutcheſs-imprison'd by her
 for a Theft committed by her Waiting-
 Woman, 164. An old one ſo mad as
 to make Love to a young Girl, 279.
Germans remarkable for Wine-Bibbers, 153,
 154.
Ghosts, their Reſpect for old Soldiers, 157.
Governantes, who is their Devil, 6.
Graduate, a facetious one, his Company
 much courted, 44. An old one who ido-
 lizes the fair Sex, 277.
Griffael, whoſe Devil he is, 43.
Guillermo, Drawer at an Inn, his Contri-
 vance to get his Maſter's Daughter, 158,
 &c.

H.

H *Azard Games*, by what Devil intro-
 duced, 7.
Highway-men breaking out of Priſon, 189.
Hippo-

I N D E X.

Hippocrates's Tracts of a Dosing Quality,
Probatum est, 211.

House-breakers getting into a broken Bank-
er's, 42.

House-Tops at *Madrid*, their Form, 3.

Human Life, an Argument of its Great-
ness, 24. The truest Picture of it, 30.

Husband snoring whilst his Wife rattles a
Curtain-Lecture, 199, 209.

Husbands, good-natur'd, more at *Paris* than
any where else, 100. A Description of
loose ones, 199.

Hypocrites Preparation to go to a Meeting
of Sorcerers, 36.

I.

Jago, St. the Patron of *Spain*, a great Sol-
dier, 158.

Jealousy made a Man mad, 222 to 232.

Jilting in Perfection, 200 to 209.

Inclinations, the Devil's Fondness for those
who pursue them without Scruple, 145.

Innocence a vain Plea with the Devil, 165.

Inquisition has Spies every where, 163.

Inquisitors such happy Mortals that the De-
vil could wish to be one, 147, 148.

St. *John's* Eve celebrated at *Madrid*, 183.

Justice of Peace, the Devil himself can't
get out of his Clutches without Money,
165.

L. Lady,

I N D E X.

L.

- L** *Ady*, voluptuous, maintain'd by two Gallants, 47.
- Ladies* of Pleasure, Consequence of keeping them Company, 149.
- Ladies-Women* not always Lyars, 173.
- Languages*, the Devil speaks all, 272.
- Law*, the Mischief of its tedious Proceedings, 190.
- Law-Book* in a Library, compar'd to the Devil in a Glass-Bottle, 19.
- Lawyers*, in what Sense like Priests, 28.
- Leonora's* Conflict with her Lover, 60, &c.
- Letter to him, 109.
- Leviathan*, what sort of Devil he is, 6.
- Libel* printed in private about Religion and Honour, 144.
- Lightning* on the Stage, its Ingredients, 30.
- Lord*, a Voluptuous one describ'd, 34.
- Lords* pretend to oblige Tradesmen by running in their Debt, 140.
- Love-Songs*, a *Spanish* and a *French* one, 235.
- Lover* imprison'd, caught in an Attempt of Cuckoldom, 154. Another turn'd melancholy mad, 234.
- Lovers*, Rival, a remarkable Story, 240 to 242.
- Lucifer*, the Mountebank's Devil, 5.
- Lungs*, Remedies to preserve 'em, 147.
- Luxury*, what Devil introduced it, 7, 8.
- M. Mad-

I N D E X.

M.

M*Ad-house in Spain* described, 221. Account of some who deserve to be shut up in it, 266 to 283.

Mad-man, a merry one, run mad for Joy, 233.

Madness of a Lady, because she was forced to turn her Chariot to make way for a Dutcheſs, 239.

Madrid, ſurvey'd by the Devil and Zambullo, 20, 22, 23.

Maid, old, confeſſes her Father to be a Cuckold, 271.

Maids, two old ones paſt 50 that pray'd for their Father's Death, in hopes handsome Men would marry them for their Charms, 267.

Manceau, a rich Farmer of the Revenue, two Devils fight which ſhould nab him, 17.

Marcella, *Leonora's* Guardian, 55, &c. Her Intrigue with her in favour of *Belflor*, 68, &c. She is ſent to a Monastery, 138.

Marquis, French, why the Devil appear'd in his Habit, 16. One ſcales the Chamber of a Virgin, 42.

Marriages register'd in Heaven, 196.

Marsæus, gave his Family Seat to a Comedian, 284.

Match-making Devil, 7.

Men

I N D E X.

Men and Things, how far valuable, 5.

Merchant, who had been twice a Bankrupt, could not bear the News of a Shipwreck, 222.

Merit attended with ill-Fortune, the cruel Consequence of it, 236.

Mountebanks Devil, who is He? 5.

Musick, a wretched Composition of it, 34.

N.

N*ation*, every one prepossess'd in favour of its own Taste and Genius, 288.

Nature's Temptations wherein different from the Devil's, 55, &c.

Newsmonger, Spanish, went melancholy Mad, by reading that 20 of his Countrymen were beat by 50 *Portuguese*, 221.

Night: Description of it at *Madrid*, 1, 2.

Night, what they are good for who turn Day into Night, and Night into Day, 276, 277.

O.

O*rphan*, feign'd by his Guardian to be distracted, 222.

P.

P*ainter*, a drunken one, his Care of his dying Wife, 213. The Madness of one that expected a Crowd of Business, by Drawing to the Life without Flattery, 271.

Pallas's Behaviour to *Ajax*, after he had ravish'd *Cassandra*, 241. *Par-*

I N D E X.

- Partridges and Pigeons* pocketed by Ladies at a Tavern, 203.
- Pedro, Don*, his Character and Amour, 113, 128, &c. His Duel, 116. He goes with *Belflor* to his Sister's Apartment unknown, and what happened upon it, 119, &c.
- Philosopher's-Stone*, the Devil's Chimæra, 38.
- Physician*, sent for in all haste to cure a Pre-late of a Fit of Coughing, 39.
- Pillardoc*, the Devil of Interest, 17. He personates a Goat, 36.
- Play-house*, not so great a Cheat as the World, 31.
- Poet*, the Description of one in his Garret, 39. A Satyrical one, how qualified to give a Drubbing, 213.
- Poetry, Spanish and French*, Taste of it different, 288.
- Prepossession* in a Woman, the Power of it, 74.
- President*, grave one, his disguis'd Visit to his Mistress, 140.
- Prisoner*, the Devil himself can't free one, 165.
- Procuresses*, two eminent ones at *Madrid*, 142, 143.

R.

- R***egisters* in *Chancery* have a Devil of their own, 43.
- Rival Lovers*, a remarkable Story, 240 to 242.

I N D E X.

S.

- S***choolmaster* who has lost his Wits in search of the Tense of a *Greek Verb*, 222.
- Secretary* to a Courtier neglected and disorder'd in his Head, 237.
- Seraphina*, rescued out of a Fire by the Devil, 295, &c.
- Sermade*, a fine one, 181, 183, 184, &c.
One attack'd, and the Giver of it kill'd, 289.
- Serjeant*, his comical Intrigue with a pretended Spirit at an Inn, 156, &c.
- Son*, a foolish one, that lays out all his Money in Books, and sells them again at half the Cost, 271.
- Souldier* with one Arm courts a rich Beggar's Daughter, but is refused because not Lame enough, 211, 212.
- Stewards* of great Men, the Devil's Character of 'em, 141.

T.

- T***Avern-Treat* of Ladies described, 202, 203, &c.
- Taylor's Devil*, who is he? 6.
- Theatre*, the Devil's House, 26, 27. The truest Picture of human Life, 30.
- Thieves* of the third Rate, who is their Devil, 6.
- Three-part Song* by three Men of different Nations, 52.
- Thunder* on the Stage, what makes it, 30.
- Travellers*, silly, censur'd, 14.

Tuli.

I N D E X.

Tulipomania, an Instance of that Frenzy,
282.

V.

V*Alet de Chambre* cuckolds his Master,
and is charg'd by his Mistress with a
Rape, 164.

Vice, what Appearance it must put on to
please, 16.

Villius's Self-Conceit, on conversing with
Sylla's Daughter, 283.

Vintner imprison'd for poysoning his Guests,
his Plea, 153.

Virgin, her Chamber scal'd by a Marquis, 42.

Universal Deluge, the Tragedy so called, 40.

Uriel, the Devil of the Taylors, Butchers,
Bakers, &c. 6.

Usurer, a sanctified one, his Story, from 193
to 195.

W.

W*Aiting-Men*, who is their Devil, 6.

Water for the Ladies Skin, 167.

Whores, making a Debauch with three
great Lords, 52. Nicknam'd *Vestals* and
Lucretias, 201, 202.

Widow, so bashful a one, as to closet her
Gallant while she puts on her Shift, 43,
44. One of sixty, her Reason for mar-
rying a Boy, 51. One caught napping
by a Gentleman she had promised to mar-
ry, 198.

Widows, Rich, how they are accommodated
at *Madrid*, 143. A Merchant's Widow
distracted for the Loss of a great Lord
she

I N D E X.

the hop'd to marry, 239. A rich one so senseless, as to leave all she was worth to Persons of the first Quality, tho' she did not know 'em, 272. Another so silly as to make over all her Estate to her Children, and depend on their Allowance, 280.

Wife, the Loss of her Fortune more regretted by Relations than that of her Life, 233.

Witches, their Imposition on silly People, 155.

Woman vastly fond of her Husband, a Gamester, 49. One so silly as to conceit every Man that spoke to her to be her Lover, 274.

Writs of Attorneys and Bailiffs, who is the Devil that makes them out, 6.

Z.

Z *Ambullo*, who he was, 2. How he came acquainted with the Devil upon Two Sticks, 4, &c. His Flight over the Houses to escape Bullies, 2. His Flights with the Devil, 21, 148, 191, 285, 291. His Revenge on his Mistress, 148, &c. He prevails with the Devil to rescue a beautiful Lady from the Flames, when the House was burning about her Ears, 294, &c.



The End of the First Volume.

